Legal Drugs, Illegal Abuse *Peter J. Ognibene*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—February 3, 1973, 50 cents

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Rejoice, Rejoice

The Editors

Four Days —*John Osborne*

TV's Catch 44 —*Douglas J. Stewart*

Anti-Adam Smith —*Melville J. Ulmer*

Our "Tough" New Congress, Health Insurance, LBJ, The Daring Mr. Rule, Death Penalty

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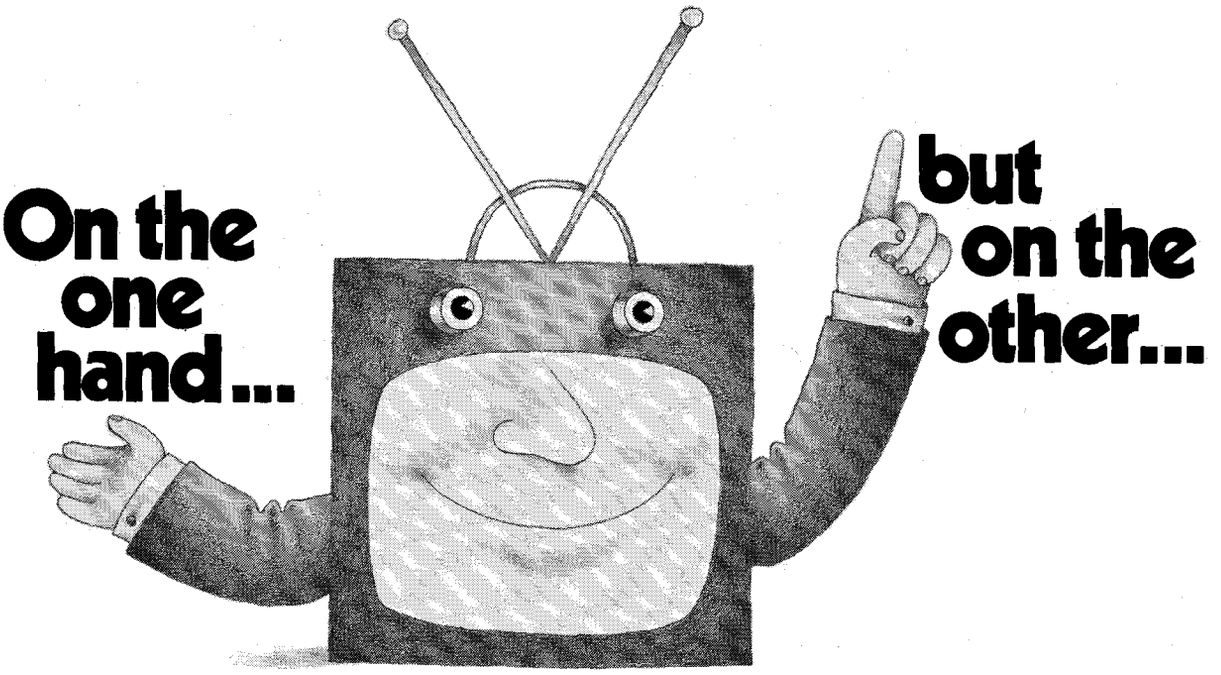

Television is too liberal!
Television is too conservative!
Television clings too tightly to the middle-of-the-road!

Paradoxical as it may seem, there are people who voice each of those divergent criticisms. But this is really no paradox: One sure way to draw fire from all sides is to present all sides.

A national Roper poll has found that the overwhelming majority of Americans say television is fair "about showing different points of view in its news programs, discussion shows and interviews...opinions of community leaders, leaders of organizations, politicians, and just average citizens."

Because the airing of opinions—even those that are disturbing—is vital to democracy, television must and will make certain that voices all across the spectrum are heard.

We can't predict just whose opinions will be aired in the weeks ahead, but we can list some upcoming programs that should earn the high opinions of selective viewers.

The Last King of America. The American Revolution—Peter Ustinov portrays George III. Thursday, Feb. 1 (9-10 pm).

What Are We Doing To Our Children? CBS Reports—Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard probes society's effect on youth. Thursday, Feb. 1 (10-11 pm).

Much Ado About Nothing. Joseph Papp's imaginative New York Shakespeare Festival production. Friday, Feb. 2 (8-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Incredible, Indelible, Magical, Physical, Mystery Trip; Last of the Curlews. Wednesdays, Feb. 7; March 7 (4:30-5:30 pm).

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New production of award-winning stage musical. Friday, Feb. 9 (8:30-10 pm).

Cities: Our Next Frontier. What About Tomorrow?—How technology can meet needs of city dwellers. Saturday, Feb. 10 (6:30-7 pm).

Duke Ellington...We Love You Madly. Tribute to Duke with Count Basie, Tony Bennett, Ray Charles, Billy Eckstein, Sammy Davis, Jr. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-10:30 pm).

The Great Man's Whiskers. Charming story based on true Lincoln incident. Tuesday, Feb. 13 (8-10 pm).

America. Domesticating a Wilderness; Money on the Land; The Huddled Masses; The Promise Fulfilled and the Promise Broken. Tuesdays, Feb. 13, 27; March 13, 20 (10-11 pm).

The Violent Earth. National Geographic Society—Documentary on devastations of nature—hurricanes, volcanoes. Thursday, Feb. 15 (8-9 pm).

The Hippo. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Capt. Cousteau and crew study animal life in East Africa. Friday, Feb. 16 (8-9 pm).

NBC Children's Theatre. The Street of Flower Boxes, Sat., Feb. 17 (12 noon-1 pm); Jennifer and Me, Sat., March 3 (11 am-12 noon); A Picture of US, Sat., March 17 (12 noon-1 pm).

Dr. Seuss. The Cat in the Hat, Tues., Feb. 20 (8-8:30 pm); The Lorax, Wed., March 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Jack Lemmon—Get Happy. Salute to composer Harold Arlen, starring Diahann Carroll, Johnny Mathis, Doc Severinsen. Sunday, Feb. 25 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Peter Pan. Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard in Emmy-winning musical fantasy. Friday, March 2 (8-10 pm).

Honor Thy Father. Based on Gay Talese's book about human side of underworld. Friday, March 2 (9-11 pm).

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Kirk Douglas in musical version of Stevenson novel. Wednesday, March 7 (9:30-11 pm).

Long Day's Journey Into Night. O'Neill's brilliant drama with Laurence Olivier, Constance Cummings. Saturday, March 10 (8-11 pm).

The Virtuoso Orchestra—A Show-off Concert. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Rossini and Ravel. Sunday, March 11 (5-6 pm).

There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown. The "Peanuts" kids' reactions to school. Sunday, March 11 (7:30-8 pm).

The Singing Whales. Study of whale species that communicates musically. Wednesday, March 14 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Applause. Lauren Bacall in award-winning Broadway musical. Thursday, March 15 (9-11 pm).

The Red Pony. Adaptation of Steinbeck novel with Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara. Sunday, March 18 (8:30-10:30 pm).

Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain story starring Jane Wyatt, Buddy Ebsen, Vic Morrow. Friday, March 23 (8-9:30 pm).

Tony Awards. Honors for excellence in the theatre. Sunday, March 25 (9-11 pm).

Keep U.S. Beautiful. Entertainment with an ecological theme. Tuesday, March 27 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. Annual Oscar presentations. Tuesday, March 27 (10 pm-12 midnight).

The Selfish Giant. Based on story by Oscar Wilde. Wednesday, March 28 (8:30-9 pm).

Peary's Dash to the North Pole. Appointment With Destiny—Re-creation of historic expedition. Wednesday, March 28 (10-11 pm).

Pueblo. ABC Theatre—Dramatization of true story of the "Pueblo Incident," starring Hal Holbrook. Thursday, March 29 (9-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Roger's Neighborhood/Electric Company.

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC Afterschool Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Rock/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With a Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival/Zoom.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Rock/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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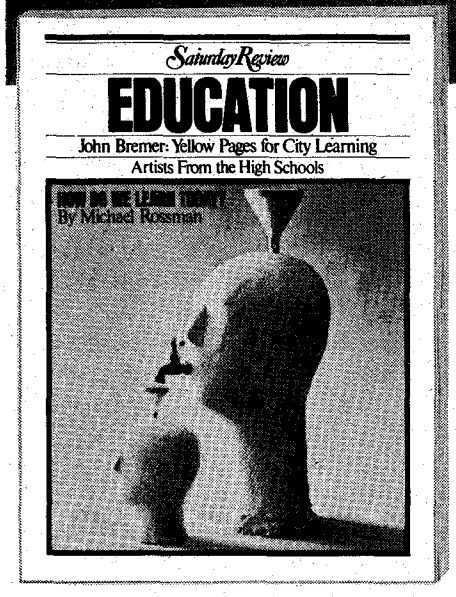

At least that's the way it should be. But, all too often, our love of learning is "educated" out of us by the time we get to Junior High.

An insensitive teacher or two. A boring, irrelevant "classic." An overemphasis on grades. An "innovation" that flops. They all take their toll.

Finally, things have really started to change.

In fact, education has blossomed so much in recent years that now there's a whole new magazine devoted to it.

A magazine not meant exclusively for teachers or students. But for *everyone* who hasn't stopped learning.

It's the new Saturday Review/EDUCATION

The new Saturday Review/EDUCATION is going to take a long, hard look at the learning process. Whenever and wherever it occurs.

We'll tell you what they're finding out about infant learning. And how you can help your children benefit.

What they're doing in the most successful—and least successful—schools.

We'll cover the *biochemistry* of learning. Because researchers are actually beginning to find out how the human brain stores its information.

We'll cover higher education—the colleges, the universities. (Is the press really giving fair coverage to the viewpoints of students and faculty?)

We'll cover adult education. In every one of its forms, from mail-order courses to the human potential movement.

We'll cover one of the most sadly neglected areas of all: education for older people. Where a few brave pioneers are proving that "old folks" aren't always as used up as our society tends to make them.

In short, the new Saturday Review/EDUCATION is going to be a forum where the foremost educators and experts of our day can tell *you* all the exciting things they're discovering. Together, we'll see to it that everyone—child and adult alike—has the opportunity to explore every one of his capabilities.

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The Saturday Review/EDUCATION even *looks* fascinating, with full-color illustrations by some of the foremost artists of our day. It can reawaken you to all the excitement of learning. Encourage you to see the world through the eyes of a child. Help you make the right decisions about educating your own family. Help you discover deeper parts of yourself that may have been dormant too long.

Give us a try and see for yourself.

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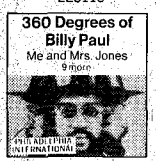

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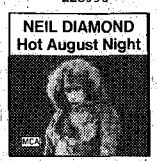

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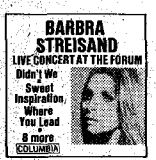

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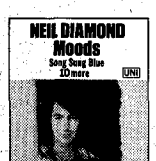

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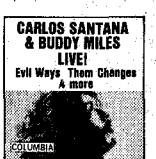

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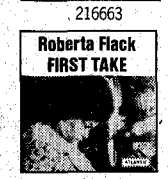

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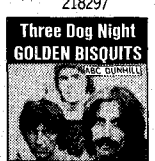

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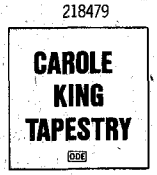

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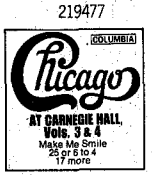

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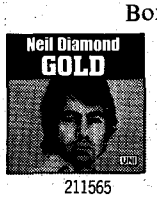

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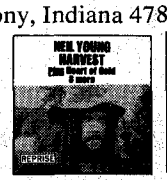

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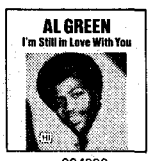

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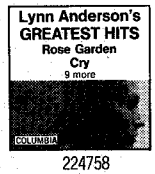

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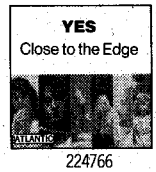

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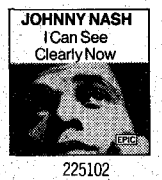

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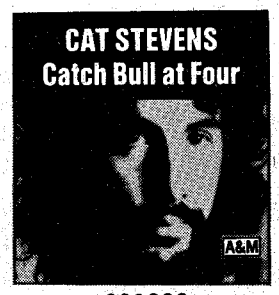

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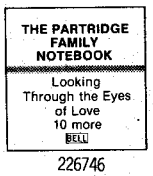

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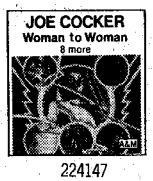

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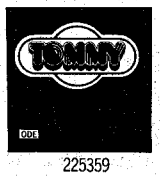

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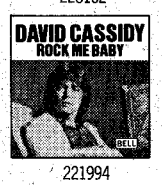

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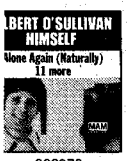

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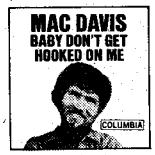

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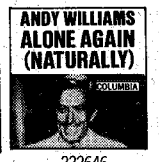

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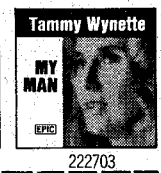

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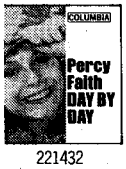

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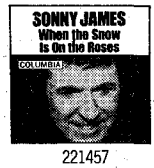

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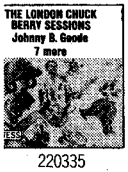

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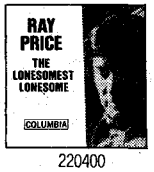

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TRB

from Washington
February 3, 1973

A Man I Met

There's a winding stone stairway in the Capitol, between walls three feet thick, where you meet the most extraordinary people. Hardly anybody uses it any more but reporters and Senate pages. I was coming up it last week, thinking about the inaugural, and about the war we used to call "Johnson's war"—maybe coming to an end, and about how Mr. Nixon's budget is hitting the Great Society like a wrecker's ball, and how LBJ himself picked this theatrical moment to die. But then, he never allowed anybody to upstage him.

And bless me, down the circular steps came a familiar figure, looking eight feet tall, with big arms and hands and that squint, and that crafty grin, and those eyes that never seemed to laugh even when the mouth laughed.

"Oh," he said, looking at me without any great pleasure, "it's you-all."

I stammered something: "You are—uh—you are getting some wonderful notices," I said at last.

His big face—with jutting jaw and big ears—broke into a grin. "Now it just so happens," he said, plunging his hand into his baggy pocket, "I have some of those clippings right here. That *New York Times*, now—they've come to their senses at last."

"Yes, I read it," I said, hoping to escape what I knew was coming.

He gave one of those overwhelming, almost hypnotic looks. He never read very well:

"'A man who, once in office, aspired only to educate the nation's young, feed its hungry, lift up its poor, promote equality and end the war among the brothers of this earth,'" he quoted. Then suddenly his face became unnaturally meek and humble. "Of course, I know I don't deserve it. I'm just a poor country boy from the Pedernales."

I couldn't help myself. "Now, sir, I know that Pedernales bit! You know right well you're as smart or smarter than those guys you inherited from JFK; only you never could quite believe it."

"They thought I was uncouth," he complained. "Well, maybe I shouldn't have let you fellows see my gall bladder scar." His mobile face was registering penitence. "Lady Bird bawled me out."

"You have to admit not every President would hoist his shirttail, peel back his undershirt, and let the cameramen snap the incision for the front pages."

He chuckled. "They were always talking about Jack's 'grace,'" he said. "Hell, some people have it; and some don't."

"Yes, but do you have to carry bravado so far? Did you have to call you-know-who, from the Eastern Establishment, for a conference while you were in the bathroom, astride the Executive commode?"

He changed the subject abruptly by reaching for some more clippings. "This editorial calls me the greatest parliamentary genius America ever had."

"You were, sir! It was magnificent the way you engineered that roll call to censure Joe McCarthy, 67 to 22; you knew where every vote was. I can see you in that huge office of yours, the majority leader's, like the Sistine Chapel with allegorical nymphs floating all around."

"Yup, that Eyetalian artist, Brumidi, his name was: when he didn't know what else to fill a spot with, he painted a nymph."

"And you fitted right in, sir, bigger than life. You knew where the power was, and you held the levers. That desk of yours, it had so many buzzers, and speakers, and telephones—it was like playing an organ. There you sat, pressing buttons, using intercoms, shouting for papers, always complaining they were keeping you waiting. You told me once you wouldn't be treated like a 'motherless child' and, by golly, in a second you were pacing the floor, rocking an imaginary baby. Wow."

"And what," he demanded suddenly, "are the histories going to say?" Now he was solemn, with no make-believe; the great, imperious man who had to be loved. "Think they'll read my clippings, eh?" he pleaded.

"You can bet on it! They'll read about you, and won't believe it. That vice presidential election train, for instance. Remember 'The Yellow Rose of Texas' at every town? We called it 'The Cornpone Special.' And that final shout you gave from the rear platform, as the train started to move, 'What has Nixon ever done for Culpeper?'"

"Hah, Nixon! *Him.* You know why Sam Rayburn made me run as Vice President with Jack? Stew Alsop wrote the story. Jack couldn't win without me. 'Rayburn's instinctive fear of a Catholic candidate was outweighed by the visceral horror of a Nixon presidency.' I like that visceral horror."

"Well, we got the presidency. Mr. Nixon says that the nation can't afford the Great Society."

It sounded like teeth grinding. There was a pause. "I won't say a word about another President," he said quietly, at length. "And what do you think?"

"I'll say this—when you saw the war was a dud you tried to call it off; you called off bombing, and politics (including your second term) and you started negotiating."

"I wanted peace more than anything else," he said, simply.

He was the same mixture—cantankerous, vain, humble, crafty, brutal, sentimental, towering, the same figure I watched from the press gallery that night of March 15, 1965, when he addressed the joint session. It was the watershed voting rights bill. He began, "I speak tonight for the dignity of man and the destiny of democracy." I could hear him again, "To right wrong, to do justice, to serve man. . . . The issue of equal rights for American Negroes. . . . There must be no delay, or no hesitation, or no compromise."

It came from the heart; powerful, sledge-hammer eloquence: "Outside this chamber," he said, "is the outraged conscience of a nation." The members were applauding now—every sentence, almost; 40 times altogether. And he went on, "Their cause must be our cause, too. And we shall overcome."

What a roar! "These are the enemies—poverty, ignorance and disease. Not our fellow men, not our neighbor. *We shall overcome.*"

They passed it—the Senate 77-19; the House, 333-85; the most comprehensive civil rights law in 90 years. And then there was Medicare, and housing, and education and all the rest.

I looked up the stairway, but it was empty. A hard man to love, maybe. And yet, . . . From the stone wall there was still a murmur, "We shall overcome."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 168, No. 5, Issue 3030, February 3, 1973. Published 48 times a year and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1973 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Rejoice, Rejoice

"I have stated and restated my view that this was not our war; that we were wholly misguided in picking up the burden abandoned by France 10 years ago . . . and in a cause that in my reasoned judgment poses no threat to our national security. . . . We have persistently alleged that the war cannot be won except by the South Vietnamese. It is not happening, nor will it."—Ernest Gruening, August 6, 1964

On the day Senator Gruening of Alaska made that statement, during floor debate on the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, the following interchange took place:

Mr. Brewster: My question is whether there is anything in the resolution which would authorize or recommend or approve the landing of large American armies in Vietnam or in China.

Mr. Fulbright: There is nothing in the resolution, as I read it, that contemplates that. I agree with the Senator that that is the last thing we would want to do.

So much for what Senator Fulbright wanted—and what he and we and the Vietnamese got. But how could they have known?

In 1954, the army chief of staff, General Matthew Ridgway, had been "deeply concerned to hear individuals of great influence, in and out of government, raising the cry that now was the time, and here, in Indochina, was the place . . . for us to intervene, to come to the aid of France with arms." Fortunately, he reported, that idea was "laid to rest" by President Eisenhower, and Ridgway in his memoirs went on to say that "when the day comes for me to face my Maker and account for my actions, the thing I would be most humbly proud of was the fact that I fought against, and perhaps contributed to preventing, the carrying out of some harebrained tactical schemes which would have cost the lives of thousands of men." Now that those lives have been lost and a truce has finally been signed, we look back over past years and search to discover how so much of the public and so many in the Congress could have so long tolerated what was done in their name.

We have come full circle, a vicious circle. A war that was waged to contain communism and aggression, to preserve freedom, to prop up one Saigon regime after another, to protect our POWs, to keep our commitments—that war ends in a truce that reflects the basic position

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of the war's earliest critics. And it is President Nixon, in his second inaugural address, who expresses that position: "The time has passed when America will make every other nation's future our responsibility, or presume to tell the people of other nations how to manage their own affairs." And when he later told the nation, on January 23, that a cease-fire had been agreed to and that all our military forces would be withdrawn, he spoke of "efforts by the people of South Vietnam to settle their problems peacefully *among themselves.*" The world hopes the hostile Vietnamese factions are readier now than they have been for over a quarter of a century to reconcile their differences peacefully. But whether they are or not, the *American* war is over; that is the heart of last week's announcement, and for that we rejoice.

But what we have been led through to get where we are! We have stumbled through a maze of official rationalizations, up blind alleys and back again, only to arrive, at the end, at the observation of the outgoing secretary of Defense, Mr. Laird, on January 19: "If they [the Saigon government] do not have the will and the desire to handle the security problem with the tools this President and the Congress have given them, I would agree with Senator Goldwater and Senator Stennis they would have a very, very difficult time getting further support from the US." And so they would. And so they would have 10 years ago, if Mr. Laird and Mr. Nixon and nearly the entire political establishment, Republican and Democrat, had not rushed headlong to give that support. After so many wasting, wasteful years, Laird can only assure us of "an end to American involvement in the fighting," which is welcome enough, but which is what the antiwar protesters cried for. Those who saw the truth when the truth was heretical deserve honor today—Ernest Gruening and Wayne Morse—and soon thereafter McCarthy, McGovern, Fulbright, Church, Nelson, Hatfield, Case.

It is an occasion also to remember how extravagantly our purposes were described, how lofty they seemed—and how variable and quixotic they were. We were helping "support a counter guerrilla war in Vietnam," (Walt W. Rostow, 1961); to "maintain [Saigon's] position against this subterranean war" (John F. Kennedy, 1962); to "guarantee the removal of Communist subversion" (Lyndon Johnson, 1964); to fight "for as long as it takes to bring the insurgency under control" (Robert McNamara, 1964). And when our intervention provoked stepped-up infiltration by Vietnamese from the North in what they had every right to consider *their* long struggle for independence and national unity, the truancy of insurgency became the evil of aggression, and Secretary Rusk would say on August 23, 1965 that "It is that infiltration which is solely responsible for the presence of American combat forces in South Vietnam." We would show that "aggression across international frontiers or *demarcation lines* [italics added] is no longer an acceptable means of political change," said Lyndon Johnson. And Vice President Nixon added (November 20, 1967) that we must push on so that "there shall be no reward for Communist aggression in Vietnam."

This has been a war of overkill from the air and from the political rostrums. It had to be claimed that we were in Vietnam "to protect *us*" (LBJ, 1967); that we fought "because our own national security is best protected when the enemies of freedom are denied victory" (Vice President Humphrey). The Kaiser, Hitler, the North Koreans were brought forth as evidence, and Mr. Nixon would say in 1967 that we were at war "for the same reason we fought in World War I and World War II and Korea; because our vital national interest is at stake." "The heart of our involvement in South Vietnam—under three different Presidents, three separate administrations—has always been America's own security." So said Lyndon Johnson.

By what process of thought was it concluded that the Vietnamese—any Vietnamese—endangered the security of the United States? The official publicists had two interrelated answers—communism and China.

"Our clear objective," Mr. McNamara advised President Kennedy in 1961, is to prevent "the fall of South Vietnam to communism"; he therefore recommended that we "support this commitment by the necessary military actions." President Kennedy, determined to prevent "a Communist take-over of Vietnam," agreed. He wanted "the war to be won, and the Communists to be contained, and the Americans to go home. This is our policy." By March 21, 1965, the battle had been raised to the level of an ideological crusade: "In World War I, and in Korea, as in Vietnam, there was a conflict of ideology between ourselves and our adversaries. . . . The defense of freedom required then, as it requires now, the willingness of brave men to face danger, to risk death, and to live with their fears for months and years on end." "The free nations of the world," Johnson then noted, "must say again to the militant disciples of Asian communism: this far and no further, the time is now and the place is Vietnam."

Secretary of State Rusk was no "village idiot," he reminded the press on one occasion: "I know Hitler was an Austrian and Mao is Chinese. . . . But what is common between the two situations is the phenomenon of aggression." Thus did he resurrect the domino theory of John Foster Dulles. And when President Kennedy was asked in 1963 whether he had reason to doubt that "if South Vietnam falls the rest of Southeast Asia will go behind it," he replied: "No, I believe it. I believe it. . . . China is so large, looms so high just beyond the frontiers, that if South Vietnam went, it would not only give them an improved geographic position for a guerrilla assault on Malaya, but would also give the impression that the wave of the future in

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Southeast Asia was China and the Communists. So I believe it." President Johnson later echoed the theme: "There are those who say that all our effort there will be futile—that China's power is such that it is bound to dominate all Southeast Asia. But there is no end to the argument until all of the nations of Asia are swallowed up." Swallowed up by those "billion Chinese on the mainland armed with nuclear weapons," of whom Secretary Rusk warned.

If any simple, uninformed American was not yet persuaded that the Vietnam war was vital to our interests, he was reminded by Lyndon Johnson that "we just cannot . . . leave those who believe us and who trusted us to the terror of repression and murder that would follow."

The more modest objective of helping the Vietnamese help themselves came to be called Vietnamization, and it had a longer rhetorical life than other rationalizations: "Just as soon as the South Vietnamese are able to defend the country without our assistance, we will be gone," President Nixon said in mid-1970. Again and again we were informed we were there to vindicate the old Wilsonian principle of self-determination; more precisely, to assist the South Vietnamese to decide their destiny in a manner acceptable to Washington. "The center of the problem in South Vietnam is to assure the right of the people *there* to peaceful self-determination, and that is the purpose of the United States." That was the gospel in 1965, according to McGeorge Bundy; and that, explained President Johnson, "is the principle for which our ancestors fought in the valleys of Pennsylvania." For is not America, President Kennedy asked, "the keystone of the arch of freedom, not simply in Vietnam but throughout the world"? No one in high places publicly asked how free the people of South Vietnam were under a succession of dictatorial rulers, how free they were under the ineluctable pressure of the American military, or how free they could expect to be if and when the war was "won."

We will "withdraw our forces from South Vietnam," President Johnson stated, when "the other side withdraws its forces to the North, stops the infiltration, and the level of violence there subsides." President Nixon has prudently settled for less; nothing in the agreement obliges Hanoi to withdraw its forces from the South. And though Mr. Nixon hoped in 1968 for a "settlement which respects both the territorial and political integrity of South Vietnam," the cease-fire agreement speaks of "the independence, sovereignty, unity and territorial integrity of *Vietnam*." The war was never, as Mr. Nixon once thought, "one of our finest hours," though the ending of our part in it will be one of his finer hours. The damage done can never be undone. But it need not happen again, if this and future administrations really do not "presume to tell the people of other nations how to manage their affairs."

A "Tough" Congress

They must be chuckling at the White House over the "tough" new Congress. For almost three weeks after it reconvened January 3, Congress talked about regaining its constitutional powers that have been taken over or ignored by the White House. Resolutions were passed in Democratic caucuses requiring testimony by Cabinet members, limiting the use of Executive privilege and calling for an end to the war. A lawsuit against President Nixon's impoundment of funds was joined by a bipartisan group, and legislation was introduced to prevent future impoundments and limit the President's authority to start and continue undeclared warfare.

In the closed Democratic caucuses, debate was sharp and emotional. At one point, Senator Symington, whose wife had died only days earlier, made an emotional plea that Congress stand against the war, citing talks with his grandchildren who were in town for the funeral. Tears filled his eyes. Hawaii's Senator Daniel Inouye, with his one arm pointed sternly, railed against the Hanoi bombing and wondered pointedly how loud the protests would have been if white men had been under attack, rather "than little brown men." Senator Gaylord Nelson unleashed bitter sarcasm when someone suggested a public stand to end the war would hurt negotiations. Nelson shot back that such an argument should have been recorded in 1966 and played back each year the issue was raised, thereby saving each senator the need to think anew. It was debate the likes of which is never heard these days on the Senate floor—open, direct confrontation by men with strongly opposing views. If it had only taken place in public, instead of in caucus.

But while the legislators were talking tough, the Nixon administration was acting tough—and without interference. Additional funds were impounded and programs previously authorized and approved by Congress were summarily halted. The massive bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, ordered last month without congressional consultation, continued, then was halted, without public explanation or private briefing of Congress. A reorganization of Cabinet departments, which failed to get congressional approval last session, was undertaken by Executive order. The Vietnam negotiations which led to last week's truce announcement were discussed with selected newsmen "on background" by high Nixon officials, but could not be subjected to closed-door congressional inquiry because of their sensitive nature.

The many newspaper reports heralding Congress' new boldness were barely in type when the legislators were already belying the stories. Almost as if embarrassed by the aggressive image it had created, the Congress—and particularly the Senate—began an unforgivable retreat.

One of the few legislative vehicles which Congress

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can use to check the Executive is confirmation of presidential appointees. The appearance in public session of a prospective cabinet officer offers each member of the pertinent Senate committee a chance to raise questions, not just about the individual's qualifications but about issues with which he and his department will deal. With careful preparation and extensive questioning, a confirmation hearing can focus attention of the public, the prospective appointee and the White House on particular matters. The extended inquiry into the qualifications of Walter Hickel to be secretary of Interior in 1969 did much to arouse interest in the environment and to shape Hickel's thinking.

For a new "get tough" Congress, the prospect of confirmation hearings for appointees in such key departments as Defense, HEW and State as well as the Central Intelligence Agency offered an excellent opportunity to probe the administration's past actions and future intentions. Such hearings apparently were not in the cards.

The Senate Armed Services Committee originally planned its hearings on the new secretary and under secretary of Defense—Elliot Richardson and W. P. Clements, Jr.—as well as James Schlesinger, the director-designate of the CIA, for a single day in public session. When questioning of Richardson went beyond one day, Clements and Schlesinger were given single days of their own—with the CIA hearing moved into closed session. With those hearings completed, a move was made to produce quickly a printed version of what was said so that the nominations could be approved by the full Senate before the President's inauguration. As part of the hurry-up, Senator Stuart Symington, for example, was encouraged to get additional questions for Richardson in by 5:00 pm January 18. The replies were returned by the Defense Department to the committee by 11:00 that night and rushed to the printer before either Symington or his staff could review them. Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis, who had joined in the prospective legislative effort to curb Executive war powers and Executive privilege, showed no interest in using the Richardson hearing as a device to get at White House authorization for B-52 bombing of Hanoi and other similar matters. When asked about the bombing, Richardson answered he had no information on it and the question was dropped. Had he been required to go back to Defense and produce a full record of the decision-making process—under threat that his nomination would be held up pending receipt of the information—the committee would have shown how tough it could get.

By closing the doors on the Schlesinger hearing, Stennis effectively shielded the CIA from even limited public scrutiny. (Stennis also has unilaterally moved to close CIA oversight from fellow senators—such as Fulbright, Aiken and Symington—by halting meetings of the old CIA oversight committee which he inherited after the death of Richard Russell.)

Two Senate committees—Finance and Education and Labor—had a shot at Caspar Weinberger, director of the Office of Management and Budget. Neither committee seemed interested enough in information on the impoundment procedure and decisions behind the upcoming budget to wait to conclude the hearings until after the budget appeared.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee was ready to do the fastest job of all—10 appointees in two days of public hearings. It was ironic scheduling for a group that had been more critical of Executive power—and earlier—than any other in Congress. Apparently weary of battling, Chairman Fulbright and his staff were prepared to approve the shift of Kenneth Rush from Defense to State, William Casey from the Securities and Exchange Commission to State, William Porter from chief technical negotiator in Paris to political under secretary of State, U. Alexis Johnson from State to the SALT talks and John Scali from the White House to the UN ambassador's post. The death of Lyndon Johnson led to the postponement of the sessions, however, and the committee now reportedly will take more time on each individual.

Through careful questioning, the committee could seek and—if willing to hold out long enough—probably receive (from Rush) information, otherwise

Don't you dare growl at me!

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withheld from them, on Defense information policies that kept unfavorable news on the December bombing from the public; some insight into the multinational corporate situation and particularly ITT (from Casey who has deep ties with the New York business community and ran the SEC); a detailed comparison of the proposed October 26 agreement with Hanoi and the new agreement (from Porter if he is held up until such time as he is willing to discuss the matter); our post-Vietnam Asian involvement (from Alex Johnson); and the administration's plans and attitudes toward the UN (from Scali).

It is difficult for committee members to press such broad inquiries under the best circumstances. The Vietnam cease-fire makes it more difficult; no legislator wants to face the taunt of "sour grapes." Yet if Congress is to regain its lost influence, let alone its power, the effort is essential. For the President has made it clear that power is the base from which two equal parties must negotiate—whether the Soviets or the Congress.

War Powers

If the Senate fails to make full use of confirmation hearings, as we have suggested it will, or the administration responds with less than frank answers, as we expect it will, the force of any bill Congress may adopt to curb the President's power to make war is already spent. For the effectiveness of such legislation depends on recognition by the White House that Congress has an important, legitimate role to play in the initiation of war. The bill that was introduced again last month by Senator Javits sets out four instances where a President can, without legislative approval, employ armed forces but requires such action to be terminated after 30 days unless Congress enacts sustaining legislation. The measure has been opposed by the Nixon administration on the ground it impinges on its interpretation of the constitutional authority of the President as commander-in-chief. It also has been opposed by others on the ground that it all but encourages a President to undertake military adventures without prior approval, safe in the knowledge that once forces are committed, Congress would find it impossible to cut off support.

Despite these objections, the measure easily passed the Senate last year, then died in conference with the House, which had a war powers bill of its own. The House version, requiring only that the President inform Congress of his military undertaking at some later time, was accompanied by the hope that prior consultation would precede such a move. It was no surprise that the White House supported this version, sponsored by Representative Clement Zablocki.

One barrier to agreement by last year's conference committee was the question of whose name would be on the final measure—Javits, Zablocki, or both. While such minutiae are debated, the danger of uncontrolled presidential authority in foreign military adventures remains. Currently, for example, the National Security Council staff has a study memo exploring ways to help the Thai military government meet insurgency within that country. What *is* our role to be? The United States Seventh Air Force has just moved its headquarters from Saigon to Thailand. But instead of locating it in a large, relatively safe airbase such as Utapao or Udorn, the headquarters was placed at Nakhon Phanom, a small facility almost directly on the Thai-Laos border which formerly was limited to propeller rather than jet aircraft. In short, our presence in Thailand is growing, and with it, the possibility of military involvement. Were a war powers bill on the books, would Congress be tempted to let such awkward questions slide, secure in the belief it would be consulted if hostilities *do* break out.

Thailand is not the only country potentially troublesome. The Philippines, with the prospect that President Marcos' dictatorial rule eventually will incite rather than reduce militant internal opposition, is another example. Not only are there extensive American investments on the islands, but US military facilities, including nuclear weapons. We don't know what Nixon has in mind in these situations. Nor what he would do if the Vietnam cease-fire collapses—which is why Senator Church has proposed a resolution barring the reentry of any US military force into Indochina, without prior congressional sanction.

The drift toward congressional impotence and Executive rule in foreign policy has been accelerated by the inability of three Presidents to accomplish the tasks they publicly set for themselves in Vietnam. Each was forced to act unilaterally and often in secret. And secrecy, they found, made it easier to handle growing public and congressional criticism. Recent moves by the Nixon administration in the domestic area represent a conversion of this foreign policy approach. The current drift is bound to continue unless Congress stops talking turkey and playing chicken.

Impoundment Test

A relatively obscure rural conservation program which has had broad bipartisan support since its enactment in the early days of the New Deal is coming to the fore as Congress and the White House open battle over who has the final say on how federal monies should be spent. It's not a deliberate choice but a natural one dictated by Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz' haste to help President Nixon cut spending. We refer to the Rural Environmental Assistance Program

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(REAP), known for several decades as the Agricultural Conservation Program (ACP) but broadened to meet additional rural environmental problems and renamed a few years ago.

It's a cost-sharing program (maximum federal contribution is 50 percent) popular among small farmers who see their soil turning to silt and precious water escaping. Over the years, some 2000 water storage reservoirs and 32,000 acres of terraces have been constructed, 61 million acres of shrubbery and nine million trees planted. Of all federal programs for rural America, it is most in tune with the environmental concerns of the '70s. For example, it covers air pollution caused by smudge pots in the fruit orchards of places like Florida and Texas.

But it was one of several programs terminated by Secretary Butz the day after Christmas, and the reaction on the Hill was instant outrage. On December 30, Chairman W. R. Poage (D, Tex.) of the House Agricultural Committee said the cut-off touched the basic issue of whether the executive branch has the constitutional authority to negate the wishes of the legislative branch. Poage doesn't think it has.

The arithmetic of the fight illustrates what's been going on as Nixon tries to scrape up money to pay for the latest round of bombings and to cope with the massive deficits piled up in his first term. Last year (FY73), the White House asked for $140 million for REAP. Congress, always more generous with things it likes, increased that to $225 million. Butz obligated only $15 million before he ended the program December 26, leaving $210 million to be diverted elsewhere. Poage and Chairman Herman Talmadge (D, Ga.) of the Senate Agriculture Committee countered by introducing legislation making it mandatory to spend ("shall" spend) the funds appropriated by Congress. Butz had claimed the original bill was not mandatory.

As is the case with all legislation favored by the power structure of the Congress, this bill will zip along. Poage and Talmadge have put it at the top of their list and hearings will be underway on both sides of the Capitol by February. It will be reported out of committee promptly and moved to the floor for an early vote, judging by the broad bipartisan support being whipped up. Anxious to move quickly, Poage sought no cosponsors. Representative William Scherle (R, Iowa) did. By inauguration time, he had about 50. The list includes Southern moderates, Northern liberals and conservatives, Republicans and Democrats. Its sponsors expect a veto. In turn, they expect to have enough votes to override it. Then the lines will be drawn. What if the White House still refuses to allow Butz to spend the money? "Then we'll have a constitutional crisis," a Poage aide says. No one is quite sure what happens then. It's assumed the matter will go to the courts, but few on the Hill want to think about that. They hope the people at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue will quietly give way.

The Daring Mr. Rule

Back in the salad days of military missilery, officers sometimes joked about a mythical rocket called "The Civil Servant." The punchline went: "It won't work and you can't fire it." The situation was reversed recently in Washington when one civil servant who did work was asked to quit.

He is Gordon Rule, the navy's director of procurement control. Frank Sanders, the under secretary of the navy, wrote the job description which Rule read to the Joint Economic Committee on December 19: " 'Mr. Rule's overriding responsibility is to insure that all major negotiated contracts or contractual changes of the navy are subjected to an independent, penetrating, objective review of all contractual and business considerations prior to any procurement commitment. . . . His is the responsibility to challenge, to question, and to disapprove when such action is necessary *regardless of the considerations or consequences.*' " (Emphasis supplied.) In other words, Rule is paid his GS-17 salary to play devil's advocate when the navy wants to buy weapons. He reviews some eight to 10 billion dollars in contracts a year.

The most recent General Accounting Office report on cost overruns showed that estimates to complete navy procurement programs now underway had gone up some $2.3 billion in just three months. One of these overruns belongs to Grumman Aerospace Corporation, which has refused to complete its contract for the F-14 fleet defense fighter unless the navy pays an extra two million dollars per aircraft. Asked by Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) about Grumman's performance on the F-14, Rule was frank: "[Grumman] reduced their bid proposal by $500 million. Now, oddly enough, it is just about $500 million that they say they want now from the government." When he was equally frank about the lamentable performance of Litton Industries on the LHA amphibious assault ship (*TNR*, January 20), Proxmire asked him about President Nixon's choice of Litton President Roy L. Ash to be director of the Office of Management and Budget. "Do you have any views on that appointment?" Proxmire asked.

"I sure do," said Rule. "Well, I think, first, that old General Eisenhower must be twitching in his grave. He was the one who first called attention to the so-called military-industrial complex, and I frankly think . . . it is almost a military-industrial-executive department complex. I think it is a mistake for the President to nominate Mr. Ash, whom I have never met. I think it is a worse mistake for him to accept the job."

Rule objected to the new OMB director because of his record as a manager at Litton and his personal intervention at high levels of the Nixon administration to get Litton "bailed out" of its contractual responsibilities on the LHA. Rule thought a navy memorandum which recorded a meeting between Ash and

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high-ranking navy officials particularly disturbing. In the memo, Ash is said to have recommended that the navy present Congress with "a procurement policy change . . . [that] would perhaps require $1 to $2 billion." Ash also "indicated that he had discussed such an approach with [former secretary of the Treasury] Mr. [John] Connally." Connally reportedly said "such a program should be positively presented, on a grand program scale—make it bigger than the Congress." Ash also said he intended to go "to the White House to explain the problem."

The navy reaction to Rule's candor was swift and harsh. On the following day, with Rule sick in bed, his immediate superior, Admiral Isaac C. Kidd, the chief of the Naval Material Command, phoned Rule and told him he had to see him. At a subsequent JEC hearing on January 10, Rule described the scene: "Mrs. Rule said that Admiral Kidd was at the door and wanted to see me, and [he] came into my bedroom. . . . The Admiral . . . had a piece of paper which was . . . dated the 20th of December, which was that day. He told me that he had to have that piece of paper signed by the close of business that day." The paper was a request for retirement. Rule told Kidd he "had no intention of signing that piece of paper or resigning."

Unable to force him to retire, Kidd transferred Rule to the navy's logistics management school to update its curriculum. When Rule refused this transfer to a service Siberia and showed up at his office, Kidd had a subordinate order him to leave the building and not return. In response to a letter from Rule, the chairman of the Civil Service Commission informed him that "officially you are still the incumbent of the position of Head, Procurement Control and Clearance Division GS-17."

When Kidd appeared before the JEC on January 10, he attempted to rationalize his firing of Rule: "I told him that it was going to be necessary to move him . . . because he apparently found it impossible to stay within the outfield fence of the ball park that I laid out for him before he went up. [Kidd had told him not to discuss Grumman or Litton.] He felt constrained to get into Litton matters, into Grumman matters, lashed out quite vigorously on both companies. . . . Here is a judgment problem and I have just lost confidence in him, sir, and that is what I told him when I went to see him the day after he testified." ("Title 18 of the U. S. Code," noted Proxmire in his opening statement, "provides for five years' imprisonment and/or up to $5000 in fines for intimidation of witnesses and obstruction of the power of inquiry of a committee of Congress.")

Rule's sacking would not have been permissible had a bill offered by a freshman senator some 22 years ago been passed. Speaking for his amendment, the senator said, "Unless protection is given to witnesses who are members of the armed forces or employees of the government, the scheduled hearings will amount to no more than a parade of yes men for administration policies as they exist." The author of those words was Senator Richard M. Nixon of California.

Rule was called back to the witness table after Kidd testified and sat down a few feet away from his boss. The verbal *pas de deux* which ensued is worth quoting:

Kidd: "When I first got this job 13 months ago, I was told by advisers far and wide that I was going to have three problems: Litton, Grumman, and Mr. Rule. And I do."

Rule: "Well, I would just like to say that if he has three problems, Litton, Grumman and Rule, I hope he is not as screwed up in the negotiations with Litton and Grumman as he is with me."

In 1971 the navy presented Rule its highest honor for a civil servant because of his "extraordinary acumen, judgment, initiative and integrity." Now he has been kicked out by a four-star admiral because he has been taking his responsibilities too seriously. Perhaps, because he has been one of the few effective checks on the navy's contractors, the service bypassed him when it wrote its contracts with Grumman for the F-14 and Litton for the DD-963 destroyer.

With his superior at the other end of the table, Rule offered this observation: "I know that Admiral Kidd probably thinks I am a burr up his ass and he wants me out. . . . Now, that is my job, and believe me, boy, I have been doing it. . . .

Hawking Hardware

Hershey's sold chocolate for years trusting only in the sweet tooth's love of sweets, spending not a penny on ads. Not the weapons makers. Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) estimated in 1969 that they employ as executives more than 2000 retired generals, admirals, colonels, ex-officers of one rank or another. And even with connections like these, the promoters are not satisfied; they want something more to sell their machines faster. According to a January report from the Council on Economic Priorities (CEP), many of the biggest Pentagon contractors believe they gain a competitive advantage by advertising in military journals. (CEP is a research group in New York that periodically writes reports on big business' handling of social issues.) CEP chose seven important military magazines and studied the weapons ads they carried during the last two years. The 25 biggest spenders bought about $2.3 million worth of magazine ads—not much really. As CEP pointed out, the annual Ex-Lax advertising budget is almost that much. But it's interesting to see that weapons makers spend any money at all on that kind of promotion.

The CEP researchers concluded that the ads were

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divisible into three categories based on design. There were 1) the "opportunity ads," designed to show that "a new system exists or can easily be built, and convince a government that it needs such a system"; 2) the "fly-off ads" during contract competition, used by a company that wants to "convince the Defense Department that its model is superior to its competitor's"; and 3) the "image ads," which "enhance the general image of the company or . . . promote the image of a particular system in operation."

According to CEP, these ads are written for congressmen and the military elite, men like the 300 Pentagon subscribers to *Aviation Week* who control procurement, contract standards and research projects. But is it possible that army generals are turned on by blurbs like McDonnell Douglas' missile ad, "Put a Dragon in his tank"? Or that air force procurement men care that Grumman's new fighter "wields a wicked wallop"? Or whether anyone cares that Xerox, in advertising a battlefield illuminator, offered to send on request free copies of *Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare*? There's no evidence in the CEP report that the ads had any impact on contract awards.

Nevertheless, contractors must believe their ads made a difference or they wouldn't buy the space. And if this means spending an extra hundred thousand or so each year, why worry? The money can be recovered later in washers, rivets and bolts sold to Uncle Sam.

Death Penalty

The Supreme Court's decision last spring that the death penalty as now administered in the United States is unconstitutional was a famous victory in the long and arduous struggle for abolition. But it was not a total victory. It was narrow to begin with, 5-4; and there was contrariety of views even among the justices who formed the majority. As best one could make out, the common ground among them was that a death penalty whose imposition is left, as it has been, to the ungoverned and unguided discretion of judges and juries, and which falls, not only rarely but erratically on an occasional, virtually random victim, like a stroke of lightning, said Justice Stewart—such a death penalty is unconstitutional.

The constitutionality, therefore, of a mandatory death penalty, legislatively imposed for specific crimes, remains an open question. And some governors—Reagan of California, Meskill of Connecticut—have said they would ask their legislatures for a selective, mandatory death penalty. Attorney General Kleindienst has indicated that the administration is considering asking Congress to impose a mandatory death penalty for airplane hijacking.

The argument for the death penalty—the only civilized argument, since all that's left otherwise is vengeance—is that it may deter. It obviously does not deter numerous crimes, but it may—no one can be sure one way or the other—deter some premeditated crimes, like hijacking, whose commission is contemplated by a sane, cold-blooded, smart, well-informed, calculating person. Even then, the death penalty will deter only if the threat of it is credible, which is to say, if law enforcement and the administration of justice work speedily and effectively. If they do, as they now generally do not, although with respect to hijacking there has been improvement, then penalties other than the capital one will probably deter no less than capital punishment.

The decisive argument, therefore, is the humane argument. Society ought not to kill. There is enough killing, in just wars, in self-defense, to protect the innocent in an emergency, which cannot be helped, and enough killing in error. But society ought not to kill by deliberate choice. It brutalizes us, not to speak of what it does to the agent we employ to do our killing.

Lyndon Baines Johnson

Tragedy brought Lyndon Johnson to the presidency, tragedy marked his quitting it. The first tragedy was the death of John F. Kennedy. The second was the war in Vietnam.

The public good and the power to advance it were the mainspring of Lyndon Johnson's restless maneuvering. He embraced power like a lover. He relished putting his brand on people and events. He wheeled and dealed as Senate majority leader with force and with understanding of the intricacies of political bargaining. Big-hearted, he was not essentially reflective. He was earthy, rarely self-effacing, by turns considerate and cruel, and the devotion of his subordinates had in it affection, respect and fear. Yet only a President who valued compassion and intelligence would have sought and held the loyalty and counsel of such advisers as Abe Fortas, James Rowe, Bill Moyers, Harry McPherson, George Reedy, Joe Califano and Averell Harriman. His highest moments as President were his victories for civil rights, and, facing growing rancor and disillusionment in the country, his decision not to run for a second term. He promised a second New Deal, an end to poverty, illiteracy and racial discrimination, and some of that dream came true. But the stain of Vietnam spread across and bloodied the record. He believed in his mission, he saw himself defending the ramparts of peace. But history will overturn his judgment that Vietnam was "not just a jungle war, but a struggle for freedom on every front of human activity."

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Prospects for Health Insurance

The "health care crisis" is largely a crisis of money. Under the present system of health financing, income often determines the quality of medical care people get, and in some cases it decides whether they get any care at all. In an emergency, a family living on a small budget depends heavily on the health insurance a provident father or mother has bought or been given by an employer. People over 65 have most of their medical expenses (not to be confused with nursing home care) paid by Medicare, the federal program begun in 1965. Medicaid, the federal-state program begun at the same time to aid poor families, has been less successful because it permits each state to write its own program and parcel out the money as it wishes. Some states are more generous than others: only one-third of the poor received any kind of Medicaid assistance in 1970. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare estimated that in 1970 only 80 percent of the population under 65 had hospitalization insurance, and that in 1969 private insurers paid only 37 percent of all consumers' health expenses.

Senator Edward Kennedy traveled around the country in 1971, running a whistle-stop series of health crisis hearings which he hoped would raise concern and prepare the way for bills he offered in the Senate. Kennedy's witnesses told him that private hospitals in New York had shut down emergency rooms because they were losing money on them, that others turned away emergency cases who couldn't post a deposit. Kennedy heard about hospitals that wouldn't admit dying patients until they signed a note promising to pay all the bills. He listened to several witnesses tell how they went bankrupt paying medical bills their insurance companies wouldn't pay. He found that some private hospitals, when saddled with patients whose insurance runs out, send these castoffs to a public hospital that won't refuse them. The debts then become public, and local officials force the hospitals to cut corners and trim service.

While patients pay steeper medical bills each year, the hospitals that treat them are unregulated, often rich, often encumbered with administrators who use their influence for personal gain. *Washington Post* reporter Ronald Kessler has analyzed the finances of the Washington Hospital Center, a nonprofit, "charitable" institution in the District of Columbia. He found that 10 of the 38 hospital trustees had engaged in "conflict of interest transactions" with the hospital. For example, he reported that the hospital's treasurer placed more than one million dollars of hospital funds in an interest-free account in the bank in which he was treasurer and vice president, and that the hospital's trustees turned over some of the stock portfolios to their relatives who were stockbrokers. And when the assistant administrator decided to reorganize the files, he formed a computer company whose first customer was the Washington Hospital Center. The center gave him $50,000 as a deposit against future bills. His boss, the administrator, received free stock in the company and became one of its directors.

At the time the articles were published, the average daily charge to patients at the Washington Hospital Center was $170. Some of this was covered by insurance, some not. But if you were a trustee or friend of a trustee, you might have been charged nothing above the costs your insurance covered. Furthermore, you might have been put in the VIP suite, served by a gourmet chef and cosseted by private nurses. The hospital subsidized this "courtesy care" plan for important patients at a loss of $21,000 a year. The hospital's budget was also inflated by staff salaries: the assistant administrator received a salary of $39,000 in addition to the computer files sent his way; and the administrator received $55,366 a year, free personal use of a Ford LTD and $16,000 toward the college education of his children. The *Post* alleged that the chief anesthesiologist at the hospital made about $200,000 a year because his contract gave him a percentage of the profit in his department. Men with similar positions, the *Post* said, sometimes earn as much as $300,000 or $500,000 a year.

Daily hospitalization costs rose 186 percent in this country between 1960 and 1971, compared to a rise of 37 percent in the general cost of living. Although the reasons for this disparity are complex, one is apparent: the patients who provide the hospitals with income have little control over how their money is spent. Hospital bill collectors don't depend as much on patients as on the agents of Medicare, Medicaid and private insurers who process the cash flow. Rather than haggle over charges, the insurers settle hospital bills on a cost-plus formula, reimbursing the hospital with a yearly sum that covers costs plus a reasonable profit. The charges recorded on a patient's bill bear little resemblance to actual costs, for when a hospital finds that it's losing money in one department (the emergency room, for example), it may overcharge in another (like anesthetics) to make up the difference. The result is that no one can tell whether or not a given bill is justified. When hospitals raise their fees, insurers raise their premiums, and the government raises taxes.

Senator Kennedy's solution to the health care crisis, sponsored in the House by Representative Martha Griffiths (D, Mich.), is not a new one. It belonged to Walter Reuther of the UAW before him, and traces its lineage through the programs of Harry Truman, FDR, Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Party. Kennedy would nationalize the health insurance industry and provide every citizen with a uniform "health security" policy to pay all medical expenses. The only bills it

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would not cover are those for dental work on adults, lengthy psychiatric care, more than 120 days of skilled nursing home care, orthodontic work and, in some cases, prescription drugs. At the same time, he would empower "peer review" groups and other regulatory boards to set financial and qualitative standards for every part of the health industry. The program would be financed by increased wage taxes (social security) and federal appropriations.

The Kennedy-Griffiths health security act has a flaw, a flaw so big that even with 66 early cosponsors and backing from the labor unions, the bill is unpassable in the 93rd Congress. It costs too much. A House Ways and Means Committee analysis in 1971 put the taxpayer price tag at about $81.6 billion in new money for fiscal year 1974: $24.6 billion more than Kennedy estimated, a staggering sum. Even by Kennedy's low estimate, the federal appropriations to support health security in 1974 would come to $28.5 billion, more than a third of what Congress now provides for national defense. The remaining $28.5 billion, in Kennedy's estimate, would come from social security revenues.

Kennedy argues that the total spent on health care would not increase much, because his bill would eliminate health insurance premiums (about $20 billion in 1971) and almost all medical bills. If there were no change in the way we provide health care, Kennedy says, the country would spend $105 billion in 1974, just eight billion dollars less than the Ways and Means Committee estimate of the total cost (old and new money) for his bill. Nevertheless, he cannot minimize the fact that health security contradicts every principle Richard Nixon has espoused in federal budgeting. It would drain money from the Treasury, increase the number of "uncontrollable" expenses and shift the burden of administration from private and state offices to the bureaucracy in Washington. If passed by Congress, the President would veto it.

The Kennedy-Griffiths bill has other enemies, most formidable among them the American Medical Association, which sees health security as socialized medicine. The AMA is opposed to government meddling, particularly the kind in Kennedy's bill which would subject every physician to quasi-government review, and encourage group practice over solo practice. Aware that Congress is eager to enact some kind of insurance reform, the AMA has endorsed a bill called Medicredit, which does little more than subsidize the existing system.

President Nixon has a plan too. He hasn't introduced it yet this year, but Caspar Weinberger, the new secretary of HEW, has said the administration proposal will be "substantially the same" as last year's National Health Insurance Partnership Act. This is a complex scheme, dividing the people into two categories—the wage earners and welfare families—and providing the first group with insurance through the employer and the second group with government insurance. Among congressmen, the most popular scheme may be the kind offered by Senator Russell Long (D, La.) in his Catastrophic Health Insurance Program. Using social security funds, he would protect families against costly medical "catastrophies" not usually covered in private insurance. This would cover 80 percent of a family's yearly medical bills *over* $2000 and most hospital bills for visits of longer than 60 days.

Long's bill is favored in Congress because it's relatively cheap, costing the taxpayer an estimated $3.1 billion in new money by 1974. For this price it would do away with the most publicized flaws of health insurance, the bankruptcy cases, the practice of shuttling the chronically ill to public hospitals. But as Kennedy points out, the bill would not reward hospitals giving short, inexpensive treatment, but those whose patients are the sickest, the slowest to recover. Nor would it help the poor family for whom a $700 hospital bill would be "castastrophic."

So far Representative Wilbur Mills (D, Ark.), the Ways and Means Committee chairman, has given no sign of what he prefers, except to say that he won't consider health insurance until Congress has done with tax reform. That may take until 1974, or later. And when he does consider it, he's going to ask that private insurance companies be retained. The realists among Kennedy's supporters know from this that they will be more occupied preventing passage of a bad bill than putting through a good one.

The man best able to help Kennedy's proposal in the Senate, Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D, Conn.), has taken a cautious approach. His aide Geoffrey Peterson, who worked on the futile effort to pass welfare reform, says Ribicoff is concerned that Congress may rush to enact a system with little improvement in structure, but great publicity value. Even if Congress were ready to pass a sweeping reform, Peterson says, the health delivery system is not prepared to make the change. Nor can anyone guess at this point what changes in delivery might be required. "Welfare reform was incredibly simple compared to this," he says.

Ribicoff will ask Congress to support a 10-year plan to gear up for the new health system, whatever it may be. This means funding pilot projects, structure studies, review committees and all the experimental paraphernalia that were not used when welfare was being considered. The minimum requirements Ribicoff asks of a new program are that it 1) review qualifications of doctors and hospitals, 2) place strict restraints on insurance companies and 3) give uniform coverage without regard to income. None of the major bills offered so far meets these standards, except the Kennedy-Griffiths bill, which seems doomed.

Eliot Marshall

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The Nixon Watch

Four Days

So there he was, at high noon on the first of the four days that launched him and the country upon his second four years, sedate and assured and somehow a harder and colder man than he appeared to be when he, at his first inaugural, promised to listen "to the injured voices, the anxious voices" in the land and lead us all "forward together . . . black and white together as one nation, not two." Richard Nixon at his second beginning in 1973 had no word for or about the injured and the anxious, except that the voices were quiet now and all Americans must forego the "false promise" of governmental solutions for all their problems and "do more for themselves" and ask "not just what government will do for me, but what can I do for myself?" Here was confirmation, boldly offered, that he was turning away from the course that he set forth in 1969 when he said: "In pursuing our goals of full employment, better housing, excellence in education; in rebuilding our cities and improving our rural areas; in protecting our environment and enhancing the quality of life—in all these and more, we will and must press urgently forward." The word in 1973, to be spelled out in the budget and State of the Union messages soon to come, was that "Just as building a structure of peace abroad has required turning away from old policies that have failed, so building a new era of progress at home required turning away from old policies that have failed."

There on the Capitol plaza, with the flags at half mast for Harry Truman and a cold wind blowing, the cold word was of course that the President was not really turning away abroad or at home but projecting "a better way to peace" and "a better way to progress." It could be so: he was soon to announce, on the fourth of the days here recounted, that the Vietnam war was indeed "coming to an end," and a source of Mr. Nixon's stolid assurance must have been the remarkable shortage of dissent from his proposition that many of the federal social programs that he was about to dismantle or at the least rearrange had not worked as they were supposed to work and had not adequately served the purposes that his predecessors since the time of Franklin Roosevelt had expected them to serve. Nobody could dispute his boast that in Peking and Moscow he had established "the base for a new and more durable pattern of relationships among the nations of the world" and it was possible that "a new era of peace in the world" was at hand. Nobody was disposed to question, either, his statement that "The central question before us is: how shall we use that peace?" and, in that moment of promise and confidence, Mr. Nixon's determination to use it well.

Then came the drive back to the White House, with a few eggs thrown at the presidential car and a few shouts and a few arrests, but all shielded and remote from the counterinaugural staged by some 60,000 haters of war at the Washington Monument. The President had spent four years teaching them that they might as well shut up and stay home, and he had succeeded beyond his hopes in convincing his quiescent majority that the rebellious young and disbelieving had nothing to teach him about the blessings of peace and the way to it. The assurance in his own mind that this was so, that the majority and the power that only it could give him was now securely his, must have had something to do with his ebullient and happy emergence that night at six inaugural balls—he kept saying he couldn't remember whether it was five or six or seven—from the seclusion in which he had largely enwrapped himself since his reelection. "So here we go," he said at three of the balls, announcing at each of the six that he was dancing with Mrs. Nixon and with other ladies (10 girls at one of them, by his count) for the first time since he as Vice President shared President Eisenhower's first inaugural in 1953. He kept it up from 10:30 pm until after 1 am, spewing gladsome banalities at the six jamborees and plainly getting his share of the money's worth from the $4 million that the entire celebration had cost the 30,000 people who paid anywhere from $10 to $1000 for admission.

Mr. Nixon, reinaugurated and refreshed, said on Sunday morning in the East Room that "it is a very great pleasure to welcome all of you who have come to this special Inaugural service," and it must have been. There were some 300 of them, supporters and campaign and inaugural workers, and three divines who were to deliver "homilies": Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin from Los Angeles, the Reverend Billy Graham, and the Catholic Archbishop of Cincinnati, the Most Reverend Joseph L. Bernardin. Rabbi Magnin concluded with "We are fortunate indeed to have a great leader as our President—a modern Joseph. God Bless you Mr. President, and your dear family. God Bless America!" Mr. Nixon's dear friend, Billy Graham, ended with: "Mr. President, I speak for the overwhelming majority of the American people when I say, 'God bless you, and God bless America!'" Archbishop Bernardin seemed to have set himself to answer the President's complaint in his inaugural address that "At every turn we have been beset by those who find everything wrong with America and little that is right." The archbishop said to Richard Nixon and the others in his presence that "our loss of self-confidence and self-assurance"—a loss that the President had recovered from if he had ever suffered it—should be taken as "a sign of growing maturity, stemming from a greater sense of realism" rather than the challenge Mr. Nixon perceived to "our faith in ourselves and in America." The real and compelling challenge, Archbishop Bernardin said, was "to strive, without respite,

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for justice and peace here and now, justice especially for the poor and the oppressed at home and abroad." Reporters who were there said that the President heard this with every show of respect and humility.

On the Monday, the President sent Henry Kissinger off to Paris for what proved to be a last, ceremonial session with Le Duc Tho of North Vietnam. The President was awaiting word of Kissinger's arrival in Paris and the world was awaiting the completion of an agreement to end the war in Vietnam and perhaps in all of Indochina when H. R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff, was told by telephone from Texas and then told Mr. Nixon that Lyndon Johnson had been found dead of a heart attack in his bedroom at the Johnson ranch. How the President reacted was cloaked in the privacy that customarily surrounds him. It took two hours for the staff to draft and issue the President's statement that "No man had greater dreams for America than Lyndon Johnson" and that "Even as we mourn his death, we are grateful for his life." Twenty-six hours later, millions were to see on television that the President's lips trembled and that he swallowed briefly, as if choking back deep and true sorrow, when he referred to the dead President. Mr. Nixon must have been aware that some of his listeners would recall that in 1966 Lyndon Johnson had referred to him in anger and contempt as "a chronic campaigner" and that he, in his second inaugural rejection of "old policies that have failed," had just announced his intent to reconstruct if not to bury much of the Johnsonian Great Society. And he must have been aware, too, that the accounts and reminiscences of the large and gusty President who was gone would invite cruel comparison with the crimped and cautious personality that Richard Nixon, with all of his escalations and deescalations of manner and tone, persists in projecting for himself.

Then came, with a curious lack of any sense of triumph, the President's announcement on the evening of the fourth day of his second beginning that "we today have concluded an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam and in Southeast Asia." Six times in the speech, twice in one paragraph, the President referred to "peace with honor" and "an honorable agreement." There was no mention of the 12 days of savage bombing in December that had preceded and—Henry Kissinger was soon to imply—had brought about the final and conclusive round of negotiation in Paris. "Now that we have achieved an honorable agreement," the President said, "let us be proud that America did not settle for a peace that would have betrayed our allies, abandoned our prisoners of war, or that would have ended the war for us but would have continued the war for the 50 million people of Indochina." Eleven minutes after he began, the President was done and, according to his press spokesman, retired to the Lincoln Sitting Room in the White House mansion. Was he with his family? The spokesman didn't know. Was he celebrating in any fashion, except by—it was rather hesitantly said—telephone calls to and from members of his staff? The spokesman didn't know. Mr. Nixon had recently said in an interview that the triumphant moments such as his landslide reelection in November somehow faded off and left him rather deflated. So we in the White House press room were left with the television sets darkened or back on an all-star basketball game and Ed Sullivan, parading a batch of faded electronic stars. We were free to imagine the President in subdued reflection, sharing whatever doubts he may have had about the endurance and worth of his honorable peace only with people—attendants and family—who would not then or ever encourage doubt.

He had said in his speech that we'd get the English texts of the Vietnam agreements and protocols, and a briefing from Henry Kissinger the next day. We did, and this account of the four days must end without time for measured appraisal of them and of Kissinger's long exposition and justification of them. A few facts about them and about the prelude to them may be safely noted, however. The agreement does not give the President the "internationally supervised cease-fire throughout Indochina" that he set forth as one of his unalterable conditions on January 25 and May 8 of last year. The substantive differences between the agreement that he could have had at the end of October and the one that goes into effect on January 27 are few and hard to value, against the cost in lives and international repute that the country and its victims must pay and have paid for the December bombing. They are few enough, one noted at the Kissinger briefing, that Kissinger relapsed at the end from masterly justification of the Nixon course and exit into a tone of strained and anguished defense. He said: ". . . it should be clear by now that no one in the war has had a monopoly of anguish and that no one in these debates [with Hanoi] has had a monopoly of moral insight. And now that we have achieved an agreement . . . together with healing the wounds in Indochina, we can begin to heal the wounds in America."

Yet there is peace of a kind, in Vietnam and prospectively in Laos and maybe, just maybe according to Henry Kissinger, in Cambodia. The time of unwinnable war that the country and Indochina and the world have lived with for 10 years is at the least suspended for awhile. The President leaves North Vietnam and its allies, Communist China and Soviet Russia, with the threat that the suspension may not really be an end to American intervention and military action if the ambiguous and fluid terms are violated. What shall we do with the peace?, the President asked in his second inaugural. That, fortunately, is not for him alone to answer.

John Osborne

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Legal Drugs, Illegal Abuse

Amphetamines and Barbiturates

by Peter J. Ognibene

A story in *The New York Times* several weeks ago caused quite a stir on the cocktail party circuit. It implied that a prominent New York City physician had administered amphetamines intravenously to President Kennedy in Vienna when he met Khrushchev there in 1961, and at other times. The physician allegedly gave similar preparations to other patients, many of them prominent in politics and the arts.

Amphetamines, or "speed," are a significant source of drug abuse among young persons, but they have also been misused by their elders. Until the recent clampdown led by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, American pharmaceutical manufacturers had been producing some eight billion doses of amphetamines each year. First marketed in the 1930s under the trade name Benzedrine, amphetamines have been used to treat narcolepsy, a rare disease whose victims fall asleep involuntarily and frequently. They have also been used to treat hyperkinetic children, another rare affliction. Treating these two disorders would justify the production of *thousands* of amphetamine doses a year, not *billions*.

Most legally prescribed amphetamines have generally been used for a less serious medical problem. Because they are an appetite depressant, many physicians have prescribed them for obese patients. In most instances, they have had only modest results: the average weight loss has been on the order of a few pounds. A controlled diet and exercise are more effective ways to lose weight. "Diet pills" are central nervous system stimulants, and some people who had them prescribed for obesity have used them as pep pills. They were also used that way by the armed forces of the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Japan during World War II to combat fatigue and extend alertness, and the American military continued their use after the war. In 1970 the House Select Committee on Crime reported "that one of the largest purchasers [of amphetamines] is still the US military establishment."

Unlike heroin, which is illicitly produced and thus never medically prescribed, amphetamines have been introduced to many people by doctors who regard them as wonder drugs of a sort. "Heroin," one government official who is responsible for controlling illicit drug traffic commented, "has the mystique as 'the killer drug,' but amphetamines and barbiturates are worse because they are available, medically respectable and you don't know you're getting hooked." Estimates of the number of heroin addicts (500,000-600,000) can be made on the basis of heroin-connected deaths, hepatitis cases and related phenomena, but amphetamine abuse is harder to measure because, except for the declining number of "speed freaks" who inject the drug intravenously, most abusers are pill poppers. Some who become dependent on them while under a doctor's prescription may be maintained on the drug by further prescriptions by doctors who are unaware of the drug's danger. (Some doctors, for instance, still do not believe amphetamines are addictive.)

Dr. Sidney Cohen, former director of the division of narcotic addiction and drug abuse at the National Institute of Mental Health, has told Congress that "the use of hundreds of times the average dose of amphetamines is physically addicting, meaning that tolerance builds up, and definite withdrawal symptoms occur when the drug is discontinued." Over extended periods of time, Cohen warned, "the use of very high doses of amphetamines . . . may lead to brain-cell changes." High doses may also lead to serious psychological problems and violence. Dr. Joel Fort, a professor at the School of Social Welfare at the University of California at Berkeley, believes that "on a typical run [prolonged heavy use] of speed, there develops severe paranoia (paranoia characterized by delusions and hallucinations, violence, etc.), a marked tendency to violence sometimes tragically leading to murder, and serious physical deterioration." A common hallucination is that "bugs" are crawling under the user's skin.

After prolonged use of speed, users "crash" and can sleep for more than a day. To counteract the fatigue and depression which follow, many turn to "downers" such as barbiturates or heroin. The "needle culture" of the speed freak makes the transition to heroin an easy one, and it was a step many of them took a few years ago when speed became less fashionable and heroin was relatively cheap and in large supply.

The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and, more recently, the Food and Drug Administration have tightened federal controls on amphetamines and amphetamine-like drugs. Production has been cut by 83 percent, and the drugs are now subject to the strict regulations regarding security and record-keeping under Schedule II of the Controlled Substances

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Act. One government official told me, with more than a little satisfaction, that the cut in manufacturing quotas for amphetamines has resulted in "a dying industry." He also noted that "doctors are not prescribing amphetamines as freely as they once did." The FDA is currently sending a "drug bulletin" to some 600,000 physicians and other medical professionals to encourage limiting the use of these drugs. (We have still to follow the example of Canada which on January 1 prohibited physicians from prescribing amphetamines and pharmacists from dispensing them except for narcolepsy and other rare diseases.)

Three years ago, the House Select Committee on Crime found that Bates Laboratories of Chicago "had shipped 15 million amphetamine tablets . . . to a post office box for an alleged drug store in Tijuana, Mexico." If one had taken literally the street address for this nonexistent drug store, it would have been located at "the 11th hole of the Tijuana Country Club golf course." The committee estimated that "more than 50 percent of these drugs manufactured in this country find their way into the illicit traffic" and that "more than 60 percent of the amphetamines and methamphetamines presumably exported to Mexico find their way back into the bootleg market in the United States." When one pharmaceutical firm, Strasenburgh Prescription Products of the Pennwalt Corporation, sought to renew its license to export amphetamines, BNDD ordered it to "show cause" why its application should not be denied. In this order BNDD alleged the company was ineffective in controlling its Mexican subsidiary, citing, in this instance, that 1.2 million doses of amphetamines from this subsidiary had been seized from illicit traffickers over a nine-month period. Strasenburgh subsequently dropped its renewal application. Other companies have curtailed amphetamine exports: some because of government pressure, others because of a belated recognition that the drugs were being diverted into illicit channels.

Amphetamine abuse seems to be on the decline. Some users have switched to another central nervous system stimulant, cocaine, which was popular in the 19th century and is now enjoying a comeback. Others have turned to heroin, but most have probably found barbiturates. Unlike amphetamines, whose legitimate medical uses are few, barbiturates have dozens of important uses. Although they are being abused on a larger scale than amphetamines ever were, the legitimate needs for barbiturates require billions of doses per year compared to the thousands of doses of amphetamines needed to treat two rare diseases. Hence, these drugs cannot be controlled by drastically cutting production quotas.

The person who takes speed and then discontinues its use before the addiction-psychosis-brain damage cycle is run can generally make a complete recovery. Although young drug users passed the word that "speed kills," death from an overdose of amphetamines is rare. Death from an overdose of barbiturates is not.

Since the turn of the century, scientists have found more than 2500 derivatives of barbituric acid, some 50 of which have been put to medical use as "sedative-hypnotics." All of them are central nervous system depressants, and some of the long-acting ones, such as phenobarbital, are important in treating epilepsy and in controlling high blood pressure and peptic ulcers. The short-acting ones are commonly used as sleeping pills, and because their effects can be felt within minutes, they are the drugs of choice for abusers of barbiturates. This abuse potential led BNDD to recommend that nine of the short-acting barbiturates be put under Schedule II of the Controlled Substances Act to increase the security under which the drugs are manufactured and distributed. The recommendation, which was sent to the FDA last November 16, requires the concurrence of the secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare (and the director of BNDD) to put these drugs under Schedule II. One inevitable consequence of such action would be lower production of barbiturates: a move which could be opposed by some of the powerful pharmaceutical companies even though it is the laxity of their present controls that has permitted millions of doses of barbiturates to be diverted from legitimate channels into the illicit market.

Heroin and amphetamines have been characterized as "hard" drugs, whereas barbiturates have come to be called "soft" drugs. This erroneous distinction—no doubt a part of the heroin mystique—is dangerously misleading: there is nothing "soft" about these drugs. Although their effects are similar to those of alcohol, barbiturates are potentially the most lethal of all abused drugs. A small dose reduces social inhibition and produces a mild "high." A somewhat larger dose intoxicates and results in a loss of judgment and physical coordination. The next stage is a loss of consciousness from which the individual can be aroused. A higher dose produces a coma, and a sufficiently high dose results in death. With alcohol, the user generally passes out before he can drink enough to go into a coma, but with barbiturates, a killing dose can be ingested before even the first effects are felt. Barbiturate overdose, not surprisingly, has long been a leading method of suicide, but accidental death from such is also common. It will probably become even more prevalent if abuse of these drugs continues to rise.

In December, Senator Birch Bayh (D, Ind.), chairman of the judiciary subcommittee to investigate juvenile delinquency, issued a report: "Barbiturate Abuse in the United States." The subcommittee found that an increasing form of drug abuse involves mixing alcohol and barbiturates. Because one potentiates, or intensifies, the other, a small dose of barbiturates can have a more serious effect when taken with alcohol than

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when taken alone. Dr. David Lewis of the Harvard Medical School told Bayh's subcommittee that "death has been reported with as little as 300 milligrams of the short-acting barbiturate plus a couple of ounces of hard liquor." (A typical pill might be 100 milligrams.) In other words, taking alcohol with barbiturates drastically compresses the boundaries between a dose that merely intoxicates and one that can kill. In spite of the well-publicized "horrors" of heroin withdrawal, it is rarely fatal. But going "cold turkey" from a high level of barbiturate addiction may lead to convulsions, psychosis or even death.

Because heroin is expensive and lacks potency when taken orally, it is used intravenously. Short-acting barbiturates, by contrast, are effective within minutes after they have been swallowed. Some young drug experimenters, apparently unaware of this potency, have tried to inject barbiturates, often with horrible results. The danger of an overdose is, of course, increased, but mistakes in making the injection—a likely result when earlier doses have impaired the user's motor functions—can maim, if not kill. If the vein is missed and the drug is injected under the skin, a painful abscess will result. If an artery is accidentally hit instead of a vein, gangrene can result. Dr. Max Gaspar, clinical professor of surgery at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, told the Bayh subcommittee that "six of the patients, or 30 percent of the first 20 we saw [who had injected barbiturates into an artery] have had amputations of part of the hand or foot."

Barbiturate abuse is also associated with violence. One barbiturate user told Dr. Roger Smith, the director of the Marin Open House (a drug treatment center), about the effect of mixing "uppers" and "downers": "Once you've got enough goofers [barbiturates] so you're ready to kill some cat, you have to shoot up the crank [amphetamine] so you get the energy to do it." Those who saw a recent NBC documentary, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," about two convicted murderers on death row in a Utah state prison, may remember that they described their murder spree with no signs of remorse. Those murders took place over several days in which they were drinking heavily and popping pills. The pills were pentobarbitals.

Illicitly manufactured barbiturates are essentially nonexistent because these drugs are easy to obtain and inexpensive. Some children need only reach inside the family medicine cabinet; others buy them on the street for a quarter apiece. The drug manufacturers are now making more than 10 billion doses a year, or 50 for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Two years ago BNDD required that thefts of barbiturates be reported, and in the first report (for the 12-month period ending April 1, 1972) more than seven million doses were reported stolen. BNDD audits for a two-year period (ending April 1972) showed an additional six million doses which could not be accounted for. Indeed, the normal route of legitimate barbiturates (from manufacturer to wholesaler to pharmacy to doctor or patient) and the lax controls of Schedule III make diversion of these drugs a relatively simple matter for drug traffickers with plenty of bribe money. Like BNDD, the Bayh subcommittee would put the nine short-acting barbiturates under Schedule II of the Controlled Substances Act. The move, while no panacea, would seem justified.

Much has been written about treating addiction to heroin and other opiates, but less work has been done on the problems of amphetamine or barbiturate dependence. Although most government experts now concede that heroin addiction is past its peak and barbiturate abuse is on the rise, the federal drug treatment and prevention effort still seems to be directed exclusively to the heroin problem and the creation of more methadone maintenance treatment facilities. That heroin is still a serious problem and that more methadone facilities are needed are nondebatable, but there seems little justification for ignoring other forms of drug abuse which are every bit as lethal. An official at the Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention conceded that his agency was doing little to help the barbiturate addict but said that something would be done within the next six months. Without questioning his agency's good intentions, one sees little *preparation* for a federal effort to curb amphetamine and barbiturate abuse. There seems to be a dearth of ideas about *how* to do it and what facilities will be needed. One SAODAP official suggested that existing hospitals were sufficient, but another official in the same agency who has directed narcotics treatment programs said it was "hard to get hospitals to take barbiturate addicts" because many doctors consider such addiction to be an "illegitimate medical problem."

Burglary and theft by heroin addicts are serious problems in every metropolitan area, and so there is strong public pressure to get addicts off the street. Methadone maintenance is one way, incarceration another. On the other hard, amphetamines and barbiturates are inexpensive, and those addicted to them rarely have the criminal "talents" of members of the heroin subculture; little property crime is associated with their abuse. The violence and property crimes these drugs do cause are usually contained within the users' subculture. Put another way, a speed freak is not likely to steal your color TV but a heroin addict is. Nonetheless, amphetamines and barbiturates have been taking a heavy toll in human misery, and a humane government should act to alleviate it. It remains to be seen whether this administration will commit itself to helping these addicts with the same zeal it has applied to getting heroin addicts into methadone maintenance where they are no threat to private property.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Cries and Whispers

(New World)

Cesar and Rosalie

(Cinema 5)

"It's the same old film every time," Ingmar Bergman said jokingly, while making *Cries and Whispers*. "The same actors. The same scenes. The same problems. The only thing that differentiates the film is that we're older . . ." Though *Cries and Whispers* is one of his failures, his remark underscores its best aspect: it is further work by the only ensemble of quality in the film world today. Bergman and Company continue, respond, explore. The fact that the new film is not up to their best level is, in the long view, secondary.

Bergman begins his pictures not with a plan or a plot but with a sensation, a color, a glimpse—what Henry James called a *donnée*. The nucleus here seems to have been a vision of a big manor house, 80 or 90 years ago, with three sisters in it and a maid: an elegant isolated setting for some strong interrelated feelings among women. (He's generally been more interested in women than men.) The most beautiful moment in the film is one that sounds the original "note": it occurs in flashback near the end—the three sisters, in white, walk toward us across the great grounds, with the maid just a step behind, to the side, in dark dress. It is like a chord.

But unlike such wonderful works as *Persona* and *The Passion of Anna*, he does not proceed from *donnée* to articulation, even the articulation of ambiguity. He gives each of the three sisters a problem, and he links them in suffering and compassion (thus echoing Chekhov as well as his adored Strindberg). But the problems are all pat and patly affixed, like tags; the resonances in each and among all are stated, not created. One sister dies and the other two then leave the house; but these are physical exterior facts as Bergman uses them. In terms of inner progress, catalysis, change, drama, the picture accomplishes nothing.

Because one sister is dying, the other two are in the house, and we see something of their past lives in flashback as they wait. Ingrid Thulin, the oldest, is married to an elderly diplomat, a cold fish. In a flashback we see them having dinner in this house on a night in the past; then the diplomat withdraws to his bedroom to await her wifely services. In her boudoir, repelled and despondent, she calls her marriage "a tissue of lies." She takes a glass splinter and shoves it up her vagina, goes into his bedroom, lies on his bed, puts her hand between her legs, and wipes some of the blood on her mouth. I'm afraid that I thought this whole sequence was more or less what a contemporary Max Beerbohm might have done in parody of Bergman. The patently bad marriage, the phrase "tissue of lies," the extravagant actions, are all spin-offs from serious work done by Bergman and others. Bergman has the courage for large dramatic gestures, but here the gesture doesn't represent or sum up anything that has really been generated, so it looks a bit silly.

Harriett Andersson, the next oldest, is a spinster dying of cancer of the uterus. Cancer is a facile device, artistically speaking, to rivet attention and establish horror, and Bergman doesn't shake suspicion of facileness. All that Andersson supplies here (powerfully) is physical suffering. And Bergman compounds the facileness of her death: later, the minister tells us that she had the strongest faith of the lot. It seems a sophomoric irony. What's worse dramatically, Bergman makes no pertinent *use* of her agony: on her sisters or anyone else.

Liv Ullmann, the youngest, is the least neatly tagged: her problem is a growing emptiness and indifference. She had an affair with the doctor who is now attending Andersson and would like to resume, but he declines, beautiful though she is, because she has changed too much. In one of the picture's good moments, he stands her before a mirror and shows her what has happened to her face; she says that he understands because the same thing has happened to him. A flashback shows us that her infidelity has driven her husband to a suicide attempt, but this passage, too, is so arbitrary that it is almost like a cartoon of "Swedishness."

And there is the maid, Kari Sylwan, the one note of "health" in the film, but a rather stock figure, a heavy-breasted peasant type who accepts her lot and serves. She accepted the death of her small daughter; after Andersson's death, she accepts the fact that she is to be turned out after years of service. She has even accepted, seemingly without any notion of wildness, the fact that Andersson liked the warmth of the naked body that the maid has often given her in bed. But again there is no enlivening touch: the maid is like a patient peasant out of a very old play.

In Bergman's long career there are two sorts of failures: the small-scale, rather petty ones like *The Devil's Eye* and *The Touch* and the ambitious ones like *The Hour of the Wolf* and *Shame*. At least *Cries and Whispers* is one of the latter: it aims at certain emotional chemistries that will interact in deep fire. But it

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Buñuel, apparently getting younger, mocks the fantasies of the stuffily corrupt with pitiless wit.

The Emigrants. Liv Ullmann. Max von Sydow. If that's not enough, some truth about 19th-century Sweden that drove people to the US.

Jeremiah Johnson. Robert Redford as a trapper in the Rockies 130 years ago, in a picture of exceptional authenticity.

Pete 'n' Tillie. Laugh-and-cry entertainment, three-quarters good. Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett as mature newlyweds.

The Ruling Class. A generally fascinating mess about a religious nut who inherits an earldom. Peter O'Toole fine, as are most of the others.

The Sorrow and the Pity. German-occupied France and France today, interwoven in a sterling four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

Traffic. Jacques Tati's latest comedy is his best: a balletic spoof about auto madness. Actually more to be looked at than laughed at.

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Kenneth Evett on art

Zwei Meistern

Of the two expatriate German pedagogues whose teaching dominated the art field after World War II, Hans Hofmann connected with the strain of American romanticism and Joseph Albers appealed to our latent Puritanism. Both offered Teutonic certitude, backed by respectable European credentials. As artist-teachers they provided method and tradition-based sanction for the development of what became those two antithetical, massively popular, and now outworn modes of painting—abstract expressionism and minimal art. At the peak of their influence, both men enjoyed a status that resembled Freud's in American psychiatry. As primary sources of the sacred fire they transmitted the flame to their disciples, who carried it to the marketplace of 57th Street and college campuses throughout the country. Hofmann's school was the first to go out of fashion, and, with practiced alacrity, flocks of college art teachers and students threw away their luscious oils, house-painting brushes and slavering palette knives and adopted the rulers, masking tape and other immaculate scientific machinery of the Albers geometric school.

In 1948 the Addison Gallery published *Search for the Real*, a little book of Hofmann's comments on painting and a "visual catalogue" of his work up to that time. Reading it again, I am as impressed by the good sense and vigor of his insights as I am put off by his dogmatic assurance. But no wonder young painters took to his teaching. He proclaimed the practice of painting as a high calling. He invested that endeavor with full emotional, intellectual and physical significance. For him the rhythmic energies of painting were both empathetic and dynamic, and he projects his awareness of these qualities in sentences of admirable force. Most of his views on the age-old drama of picture plane, volume and space seem as valid now as they did 25 years ago. However, in an attempt to clarify the difference between "modern" art and the art that preceded it, Hofmann made an arbitrary distinction between the "space of illusion" and, to use his phrase, "picture space." Obviously all sensations of space that are generated by marks and tones on a flat surface are an "illusion." Good painters understand the paradox; a real flat surface and the illusion of movement in space can coexist. Great painters like Titian, Van Dyck and Bonnard went beyond that simple recognition, and deliberately cultivated the struggle of those contradictory forces. In one innovative variation, Cubist painters shifted the emphasis from the perspective-induced depth planes of the Renaissance to a spatial system geared to the vertical and frontal picture plane. In so doing they also emancipated the image-making process and invented new and more ambiguous means of eliciting a sense of depth, which nevertheless remained an "illusion." The Cubist affirmation of the prime reality of the flat surface was subsequently codified by both Hofmann and Albers as academic dogma, and while many painters have long since rebelled against the limits of that doctrine, their way of seeing and organizing space will be affected by it for some time to come.

As is often the case with artist-teachers, a gap exists between their pedagogic pronouncements and what they actually do as painters. With Hofmann, we have recently had the chance to observe that phenomenon. A few months ago the Metropolitan Museum exhibited the "Renata" series (so called as a tribute to his second wife), accompanied by reissued copies of *Search for the Real*; and the Emmerich Gallery in New York City, having shown works on paper by Hofmann last fall, more recently had a group of large oils on display. It is obvious that Hofmann was trained in a formalist European tradition based on the classic pictorial system of vertical and horizontal axes, yet his natural romantic bent and the influence of his new-found American friends, who were all for impassioned letting go, moved him in a contrary direction. His reckless swirls, splats and dribbles somehow wind up following traditional axial paths that are at variance with the initial gesture, or one layer of a Hofmann canvas will be written out in an abandoned improvisational spirit and another controlling layer will consist of implacable frontal parallel rectangles. The random passages of Hofmann's pictures are crowded with inadvertent images—a sure indication of sloppy painting. Careless rabbits, hats, seals and barking dogs proliferate there, and in spite of his talk about "millimeters," Hofmann's rectangular structures are not designed with the sensitive proportions and balance that give life to that system. In his work and teaching Hofmann proclaimed the liberation of color and pigments. He used them in a freewheeling, exuberant way, and indulged his fondness for high intensities and globs of heavy impasto. In my view he never fully resolved the contradiction between his ordering impulses and his stronger impulse to cut loose. So he wound up trying to have it both ways at once—a romantic dilemma, but at least it qualified him as a bona-fide American citizen.

Albers had no such problems. With methodical Germanic firmness he went to the abstract core of the issue. By eliminating one thing after another, physical gesture, referential images, curves, textures, diagonals and even the golden mean, he finally arrived at silent irreproachable squares, immaculate surfaces, and pure color and light, purged of earthly ties. As might be expected, Albers provided his students with a coherent, precise and workable set of precepts. Of the many neophytes who made the pilgrimage to New Haven or Provincetown, a surprising number survived the experiences with their individuality intact and moved on to successful careers as artist-teachers. Hofmann's followers generally carried on his slap-dash romantic looseness, while Albers' pupils made good use of his systematic color technology and tidy ways. However, in these days, when visual artists are either stumbling in and out of theater, everyday life, witchcraft, self-mutilation and suicide, or still playing stale abstract games with that familiar flat rectangle, the Albers-Hofmann doctrines no longer have much force. Yet up to now, no one has appeared to offer teaching of comparable authority. If the old human practice of putting symbolic marks and tones on a flat surface has any future, and if college art education has any significant influence (both moot suppositions) I believe that one strong impetus will come from those artist-teachers who are trying to rediscover the art of painting. Although they are not a school, not even a loose federation, may even despise one another, they are working toward common goals. Teachers like

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William Bailey at Yale, James Weeks at Boston University, John Moore at Temple, Gabriel Laderman at Pratt and Leland Bell, wherever he happens to be, all have a common awareness of the big tradition of Western art, including an interest in the conventional categories of content, figure, still life and landscape. They use brushes and oil paint, they may even attempt to revive the classic techniques that were thrown overboard in the '50s, and they look at the world around them and make responsive records of that experience. How they justify this seemingly anachronistic and audacious effort remains to be seen, but at least they are willing to take that affirmative chance.

Douglas J. Stewart on TV

Well Run, Thisbe!

WGBH-Channel 2 is Boston's ETV network station. Sheltered under its corporate wing is WGBX-Channel 44, a more experimental and locally oriented station. WGBX is in turn the parent of Boston's much talked-about "alternative TV" show, "Catch 44." Crudely but memorably named after the Heller novel, "Catch 44" gives one-half hour of free air time, five nights a week, to "community based organizations" to do almost anything they want, provided they are legitimate ongoing groups with some purpose beyond appearing on free air (to prevent the show from becoming an amateur hour), and they promise to avoid slander, incitement to crime, and open solicitations for money on camera. The station offers the crew, production assistance and lots of free advice, but each group designs its own show. I asked the producer, Marita Rivero, what happens when a group comes up with a madly expensive or simply unproducible idea, and was surprised to learn that most groups are much too timid, and the staff is usually trying to coax *more* ambition out of them!

As would be expected, most of the programming has been just talk, with social service groups explaining their programs, or political groups pushing mostly local causes. But there are also entertainment shows, mostly musical groups, though they, too, verge on the documentary. In a week's time I dutifully watched a country music club performing, a cantata group rehearsing and a lecture-plus-demonstration of Caribbean folk songs (done entirely in a quasi-Cubaña dialect of Spanish that put my own Tijuana "ear" to a severe test). I also visited the studio while the Young Americans for Freedom did a skit satirizing liberal Republicans (more below).

"Catch 44" has been lionized as far away as *The Listener* as one of TV's few shining hopes. Just recently in these pages Crawford Woods also spoke up for alternative TV ("Rolling Your Own," Dec. 23 & 30). Is alternative TV the coming thing? Is "Catch 44" catching?

I think not. All the praise I have seen either for the general idea, or for this show, has been aimed at the concept, not the end-products, which have been given little treatment at all or praised with faint damns as, after all, a bit naive and embarrassing, but what does one expect, etc. etc. "Catch 44" is a show only participants' mothers would willingly watch—or, mothers and enemies: I asked producer Rivero an intentionally smug and loaded question—What would she do if that "community action group" known as the IRA asked to do a show—and was deflated by the reply that they appeared a year ago, and were swiftly followed by a rival group!

Alternative TV, while rebelling against one of commercial TV's evils, its tyranny, capitulates to its other evil, junkiness. Amateur junk competes with professional junk. It must be fun for the practitioners, but could hardly hold an audience, and indeed is too solipsistic to *want* one.

At one level I fully agree with Woods: your TV set is just another home appliance, like your waffle iron or dishwasher, and it should serve you, not you it. I'm all in favor of people using electronic zappers to roll their own images, of tape attachments to play favorite movies through the set, of private home movies for TV. But let's not kid ourselves that the machine was created for such purposes. TV *is* a tyrant, as William V. Shannon complained in high monsignorial style a few months ago in *The New York Times*: with the twist of a child's wrist, your house can be filled with unwelcome, importunate strangers. So why not fight back? But playing with your TV set is like making parchment in your waffle iron or gin in your dishwasher: if it can be done at all, it's merely cute. Solving the tyranny problem doesn't begin to touch the junk problem.

ETV was *supposed* to solve the junk problem, but after a few musical specials, reruns from our old friends at the BBC, and Julia Child's high camp, it doesn't pay to look too closely at the quality of noncommercial TV either. (I turn thumbs down on most of the "sincere" children's programming on ETV, by the way: "Star Trek" reruns beat anything ETV has made for kids, and "The Three Stooges" are better than the ghastly "Misterrogers.") No, quality hasn't got much to do with the *venue* of TV shows. If most commercial TV is ugly and moronic, most noncommercial TV is flabby and clumsy.

In the long run we ought to recognize that TV is *cheap* popular entertainment. To be such, somebody has to pay the high production and dissemination costs and that's going to be commercial sponsors more often than donors or foundations. And even the junkiest commercial programming is more interesting to watch than most of the noncommercial stuff, which doesn't cease to be junk because it's sincere and high-minded. This is because money has the power to attract talent, even as it tries to corrupt talent. And talent has ways of fighting its way through to deliver a delightfully manic moment or two on almost any network TV show, if you watch carefully. And then you can take an extra share of pleasure in knowing that just *there* some bright if bedeviled writer or producer managed to sneak one past the sponsor, the agency and the network censors. The popular arts have always been occupied by gifted, hungry, crazy people who want to make a buck, but also want to make a splash. The popular arts are a world of manic insecurity but also, when conditions are just right, of ferocious creativity that risks everything on one great gamble of theatrical invention.

I part company with people who insist, as an *ideology*, that because TV is commercial, it's corrupt and uninspired. No, TV is dreadful because it's too cautious and tame. It spends too much time worrying about its own technology—believing in its own fable of expertise

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and too little in developing its vast potential of sheer vulgar energy. (As "Laugh-In" should have taught people, but didn't, energy and audacity are the soul of popular entertainment.) I grew up a radio freak. I learned my Latin and solid geometry while listening to no less than 28 murder and ghoul programs weekly ("The Shadow," "The Whistler," "Suspense," "Ellery Queen," "The Thin Man"), plus a dozen comedy shows and another dozen drama shows like "Theatre Guild," "Lux Radio Theatre" and "Favorite Story." The amount of energy and daring on those programs was incredible, as it was edifying. Weird plots, egregious actors, marvelous conceits: they made an imaginative world much more stirring than the real one.

The best thing I have seen on "Catch 44" was the aforementioned YAF skit attacking the Republican liberals of Massachusetts. The best, but not very good. It was good only by the standards of a typical varsity revue, or a fraternity practical joke. At one point however, real entertainment threatened to raise its disturbing head. An actor playing "Josiah Sargenbrook," state GOP chairman, was answering a reporter's question about Vietnam, and launched into an agreeably windy and foolish parody of Chamberlain's Munich speech. (The production staff, sitting with me in the control room, was too young to recognize the parody!) The parody got better and better as the actor warmed to his role. I think it actually occurred to him that this was potential theater and not just ideology. But, alas, it was cut short. Alternative TV won't really work, I must conclude, because it asks serious people to entertain other serious people. Bottom and Quince once tried to entertain the Duke of Athens with an amateur, "alternative" drama. It didn't work too well, not just because Bottom and Quince and Snug were too clumsy and stupid, far from it, but because they were too close to reality and could never solve the problem of meshing their private sense of the concrete with the illusionism of entertainment. Alternative TV, at present, resembles the "tragickal comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," at worst a bore, and at best an amusing confusion of life and art.

Coming

Saul Maloff reconsiders
Robert Penn Warren's
All the King's Men

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...

REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA.

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS — DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.
PARENTXENXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.
INVESTIGATION REPORT:
ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.
HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.
SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)
REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE EX DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.
STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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The Heterodox Economists

Contemporary Economic Thought: The Contribution of Neo-Institutional Economics

by Allan G. Gruchy

(Augustus M. Kelley; $12.50)

John Kenneth Galbraith and His Critics

by Charles H. Hession

(New American Library; $6.95, $1.50 paper)

Much has happened to the science of economics—and to economic institutions—in the nearly 200 years since *The Wealth of Nations*, and it is doubtful that Adam Smith could read with understanding a single page of the current *American Economic Review*, with its marginal productivities, vectors, matrices and heteroscedasticities sticking out all over. Nevertheless, a common theme ties Smith to his followers, from the brilliant David Ricardo through Alfred Marshall, John Maynard Keynes and the bulk of all professional economists today: a preoccupation with "market forces" and a fundamental belief in their benignity. Keynes' only amendment to the received doctrine was that deliberate fiscal and monetary policy had to be invoked to give the whole system stability. Aside from that, and like his most distinguished contemporary disciple, Richard Milhous Nixon, Keynes placed his faith in the free enterprise market system.

While the orthodox line just described has reigned over academic economics ever since it was recognized as a discipline separate from philosophy and "moral science," its sway has never gone undisputed. Even in Ricardo's time, when the laws of economics seemed as precise and immutable as those of the solar system, there was a Thomas R. Malthus about to offer a counter, heretical view. Later, of course, there was Karl Marx's intellectual revolution, though his influence on Western academic thought—as distinct from politics—was and has remained slight. Still later, Thorstein Veblen mounted the most effective and enduring challenge of all, in a remarkable series of books that appeared in the two or three decades before World War I. This insightful iconoclast, whose unconventional teaching and sexual adventures were sufficient to lose him more than one academic berth, was the renowned founder of "institutionalism." The next question is, what's that? Even in Veblen's day, when the ideas were unmuddied and fresh, the answer was far from obvious.

The answer is still more difficult today in the light of all the varied theories and assorted personalities that have since run under the faintly pinkish colors of institutionalism, from Veblen's immediate followers, Wesley C. Mitchell and John R. Commons, to the recent Nobel prize winner Simon Kuznets, and John Kenneth Galbraith. But insofar as a coherent answer is possible, it is to be found—for the first time, I think—in Allan Gruchy's penetrating study, *Contemporary Economic Thought: The Contribution of Neo-Institutional Economics.*

The essence of institutionalism, as Gruchy's analysis makes clear, is not to be found in any mutual body of theory, or a special set of facts, for there are none. The common bond among these thinkers is an attitude and a methodology. Their approach to the structure of economic life is critical and constructive rather than apologetic and descriptive. While the orthodox can show in excruciating detail how a perfectly competitive, *laissez faire* system would maximize economic welfare (given certain assumptions, such as perfect knowledge and no pollution), institutionalists concern themselves with how to control monopolistic and oligopolistic industry in the public interest. Institutionalists will admit history, politics, sociology and philosophy into their analysis, while the orthodox restrict themselves narrowly to the study of individual decision-making, static price determination, technical efficiency and short-run business fluctuations. Institutionalists do not hesitate to brand some business practices—such as production of showy but shoddy goods—as culturally debasing, while the orthodox rigorously exclude such "value judgments" as beyond the competence of scientific analysis. Finally, institutionalists are concerned with how economies change over time, altering the centers of power, class relationships and the structure of industry and government. An investigation of this order enabled Veblen (perhaps with a little bit of luck) to predict long before the event the rise of aggressive militarism in Japan and Germany. Orthodox economists construct their analyses in a static framework, take prevailing institutions and technology as given, and seldom if at all refer to questions of power or class.

The reader should note that orthodox economists are concerned with problems that institutionalists would concede are important; the roles of commodity prices in allocating resources and of factor prices in distributing income are fundamental to nearly everything else in economics. It was conventional scholars, not institutionalists who created the impressive (though not notably accurate) econometric models, so widely used for forecasting the national income from year to year. To probe such subjects in depth requires abstracting from other matters of interest such as technological or institutional change, just as a physicist will abstract from friction in formulating laws of motion.

Granting all this, the question remains whether conventional economic thinkers have defined their subject too narrowly, with unfortunate consequences for both the growth of knowledge and the improvement of prevailing economic institutions. Gruchy thinks that they have, and that in particular their preoccupation with the operation of theoretical free markets has blinded them to the possibilities of shaping institutions pragmatically to meet public needs, and specifically, to the potential gains to be won through deliberate national economic planning. He quotes approvingly the words of Wesley Mitchell: "In economics as in other sciences we desire knowledge mainly as an in-

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strument of control. Control means the alluring possibility of shaping the evolution of economic life to fit the developing purposes of our race . . ." Much the same sentiments, though with more wit and polish, were expressed a few weeks ago by John Kenneth Galbraith, in his address as outgoing president to the annual meeting of the American Economic Association.

Galbraith, of course, wins a prominent place in Gruchy's gallery of neo-institutionalists (the prefix indicating those who wrote after World War II), as do Gunnar Myrdal, the late Clarence E. Ayres and Gerhard Colm. Gruchy's careful account demonstrates that their insights were vital to an understanding of the contemporary economic scene, even though—in tribute to their pragmatic and eclectic flavor—no systematic, articulated institutionalist theory has evolved.

The point is elaborated in Charles H. Hession's full-length intellectual biography of Galbraith, who is surely the most prolific, widely read, and possibly the most innovative of contemporary institutionalists. One might suppose, perhaps, that Galbraith, with all his eloquence, needs an expositor as much as Henry Kissinger needs membership in a singles' club, and yet Hession has come up with a solid contribution. For in *John Kenneth Galbraith and His Critics*, we get a synthesis of his major works, along with the resentful reactions of many of his conventional colleagues, that together provide a new and interesting perspective.

Essentially, Galbraith has taken critical sections of the orthodox competitive paradigm, reversed the underlying assumptions, and demonstrated that the revised model fits the facts of today better than the original did. For example, one of the sacred principles of conventional economics is that of "consumer's sovereignty." By this is meant, first, that consumers' tastes are outside the purview of economic analysis and therefore must be taken as given. Objectively and democratically, it is contended, one person's tastes must be adjudged as good as any other's—a proposition that becomes patently ridiculous if we consider the role of cultivation and education in the judgment of art, music or food. Secondly, the proposition implies that consumers, on the foundation of these tastes, make purchases in the market, and through these "dollar votes" instruct industry on what to produce and how much. Competitive industry presumably responds with flawless alacrity. Thus the consumer emerges as the ultimate director of the economy.

Galbraith turns these relationships completely around in what he terms a "revised sequence": it is the giant corporations which decide what articles or commodities they can produce most conveniently and profitably, given their evolving technology, experience and the probable pattern of costs and prices. Then through advertising and related promotional means they shape consumer tastes so as to create a demand that accords with their decisions. In this sense the public serves the needs of industry rather than the other way around. Beyond this, Galbraith contends, the spreading influence of the modern corporation extends to government, which is induced to subsidize research, to maintain military spending ("underwriting" technological advances and offering riskless avenues for investment), to regulate public utilities in a manner friendly to profits, to conduct foreign policy with an eye to the stake of American capital, to train manpower for industry's needs, and to guarantee a satisfactory level of aggregate demand.

Conventional economics rests solidly on the assumption that the economy is basically competitive, and that in those industries in which monopoly may threaten, the antitrust laws are a satisfactory check. Even in the most concentrated segments of the economy, it is contended, there is the powerful force of interindustry competition, as that between copper and aluminum or the movies and TV. Government intervention such as in agricultural price supports or in the legal protection of labor unions, in the orthodox view, simply impairs or distorts the operation of the free market. In contrast, Galbraith observes that the most important segments of the economy are monopolistic or oligopolistic, and necessarily so, since modern technology and management science both place a premium on great size. Nor in the light of their common interests do the giant corporations cross competitive swords, boldly or frequently, even across the borders of industry. In some instances, however, one center of market power tends to offset another, providing through this "countervailing power" a measure of protection for consumers or other third parties. Thus grocery chains confront and offset, in part, the oligopolistic meat packers. Unions protect workers in concentrated industries. Agricultural price supports help insulate the farmer against the

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oligopolies that sell him machinery and those that buy his output. Hence, Galbraith concludes, an indiscriminate spate of trust-busting, or a weakening of union organization, or abandonment of agricultural controls, instead of strengthening market competition, might merely expose one vulnerable part of society to exploitation by another. The best we can hope for, realistically, is to direct the immensely productive resources of oligopolistic industry into socially useful channels through government control. Here as elsewhere, Galbraith does not prove that the conventional principles of economics are wrong—although sometimes he gives that impression—but rather that they have been misapplied to sectors of the economy where traditional competitive forces are muted or absent.

Finally, in place of the reign of "impersonal" market forces allocating resources in a planless and yet optimally efficient way, as though guided by Adam Smith's "invisible hand," Galbraith poses the vision of a planned economy—planned, however, by the giant corporations in behalf of their own interests. The major specific objective of their planning, he says, is security. The immensity of their investments, the huge complement of employees, their millions of stockholders and creditors, require that they be shielded from shock—from capricious shifts in consumer demand, gyrating prices, large and unforeseen shifts in costs, sudden technological breakthroughs by aggressive rivals, and so on. Not all of this defensive planning is bad, as Galbraith sees it, when one considers the alternatives—widespread unemployment and bankruptcies as the competitive economy "adjusts" freely to a new technology or an altered pattern of consumer purchases. Indeed the private planning already underway renders it all the easier for government to impose a national system of planning that would place quality before quantity, esthetics before the grossly material, welfare before profits.

Galbraith has been accused of overlooking the poor in his insistence that the most urgent need in the United States is for more public services oriented toward health, education, mass transportation, environmental improvement and more generally the beautification of life. In his own defense he asserts that the minority in poverty can be aided more effectively by government than by an indiscriminate drive for economic growth—through public housing, better education, health care and a guaranteed minimum income. The existence of ghettos and other centers of the poor does not contradict the fact that the bulk of the population is affluent in private goods, in some respects overwhelmed by the output of industry, and yet starved for vital public services.

Naturally, Galbraith's broadside attack on orthodox economics, with all its established interests, has won him no popularity contests in academia, and yet his ideas have gained the respect and recognition of his colleagues, however grudging. His election last year as president of the American Economic Association is proof of that. More important for economic policy, the grace of his pen, as well as the force of his logic, have left an indelible impress upon the public and Congress. Economic planning worthy of the name may not be in the offing in the United States, but who can deny that we're headed in that direction, or that much of Western Europe has already arrived?

Melville J. Ulmer

Translatish vs. The Real Thing

C. P. Cavafy: Selected Poems

translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard

(Princeton University Press; $7.50)

Fields Of Grace

by Richard Eberhart

(Oxford University Press; $5.95)

Nothing But Light

by Robert Pack

(Rutgers University Press; $5)

Adequate Earth

by Donald Finkel

(Atheneum; $2.95)

What is a translation for? Maybe the UN can tell us, or Radio Free Europe. For propaganda, we guess. In the case of poems in translation we are likely to heave a sigh and murmur cliches of the moment which involve cross-fertilization, the community of those saving spirits the poets or novelists or great minds. Politics is the polite name—log-rolling or cultural travel-snobbery another: I can dig more foreign language-type-objets d'art than thou.

Maybe we might get all the way back to Goethe, though, and speak of elective affinities, if we mean that a poem in translation should be both a translation and a poem. This involves, first, high poetic talent and either a sound knowledge of the language of the original or a good friend who has such knowledge. The translator must have the poet's feeling for his own speech and for the spirit of the foreign poet who speaks darkly to him through that foreign accent. Nowadays when translations come thick and fast—too fast to be anything but thick—we have come to recognize a new form of—not speech but talk. Call it Verbal Transvestism. Call it the International Style. Poetry has managed to regress to

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the condition of painting in the 1920s. At least in translation.

The translations of Cavafy's poems seem to me to be translations. I do not presume to doubt the authenticity of their provenience. The translators state that "[Cavafy's] voice is more natural, immediate, and even colloquial than extant translations—including our own earlier selections—would make it appear." We know where we're at, if you'll excuse the colloquialism: in the country of Translatish. Gertrude Stein said, "Remarks are not literature"; even when they are colloquial, we might add. I for one have respect for these translations, but I cannot read them.

They seem to me a "fund of uninteresting anecdote," things I cannot really read—as poems: one must read them as documents from another culture which are supposed to show that the state of poetry today in the English-American demotic has a counterpart in Cavafy's amalgam of various Greeks. That may be so. Certainly these translations come out like much else one reads in poetry mags: styleless, flaccid, boring. True, Cavafy appears to like pretty, horny boys and chunks of the ancient past, but what these translations do not do, as I read them, is get the sense that a man is writing poems in a language that is both his own and that of his place and time. Change the proper nouns in these works and it could be Neruda, Paz, or any other contemporary victim of the *crise de conscience* of the poetry transvestites.

All of which brings me to the three volumes mainly at issue here, and perhaps one should start with the senior member of the firm, Richard Eberhart, who has over the years put out volume after volume, won prize after prize, and who almost seems as though he is famous for being famous and for "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment." This new book is a typical Eberhart product, and that is something. I know of no contemporary poet who has published as much and as frequently as Eberhart who also redeems so dramatically, from time to time, the excesses that constant publication may provoke. It is his way, his method of fighting out, half in public, the whole battle. Because Eberhart has "the vision and the voice," the power and the glory. Half the time he exasperates with his *faux-naif* pose and his rhetorical questions of dubious import—and then he takes the top of your head off with a visionary glimpse and a grandeur of statement that he alone today risks. It leads him into bathos, cliché

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and total collapse, rather frequently; no matter. Read in this volume "The Fisher Cat," "Homage to the North," "To Kenya Tribesmen"—in fact, any of the poems written in long lines! I know of no modern poet who can handle the long line, in the manner of Fulke Greville, the way Eberhart does; he gets an eloquence, a rhetorical pressure and power, that can only be surrendered to. He overwhelms. He can build the poem, come to the climax, move quietly away from that, and end. And ending a poem satisfactorily is no mean feat.

Richard Eberhart, by long practice and always in the company of failure, has made fine poems by means of language and the dance or procession of that language. What of the other poets under discussion here? Both are much younger men. Robert Pack, at 42, has published six volumes of poems. This book is the sixth and I think it perhaps expresses some of the problems facing the poet—the poet Pack and the poet today.

Robert Pack has great resources as a poet, both of language and technique. Consider "Prayer to My Father" or "Now Full of Silences": how beautifully he handles the rhythms and the full line as unit; perfect control with neither strain nor display. It's all there, doing the job as it should be done. But he can also handle the kind of "patterned" form best exemplified by "The Mountain Ash Tree," in which the spacing and the positioning of lines on the page are not merely arbitrary, but have expressive value. Indeed, I think Pack's command of the medium is altogether remarkable. I suppose that I should now say "and that is where the trouble" etc. etc. Not at all: easy writing makes cursed hard reading as Byron said. Pack did not come by his technique easily. But for all that, I think he is in danger of writing (or rather publishing) poems that his technical mastery suggests to him. Unlike Eberhart, he does not have the almost obsessive, often perhaps destructive, engagement with his subject that results in a poem that emerges as a surprise to poet and reader alike. Pack knows in advance, it would seem, and that tends to limit his range and to lead to repetitiveness. He has perhaps reached the stage when he must subside into silence or the increasingly trivial. I believe he has far too much talent and potential to do either. But while we may well and properly enjoy some poems in this book, we may also feel that we want, expect and feel the promise of, more and finer.

And with that bit of pompous advice to the chastised, I turn to Donald Finkel's "Adequate Earth," a "long" poem of some 40 pages of text with appended notes and glossary. Sound tough? Your heart sink? A bit of Black Mountaineering and Projective Field Theory? Exactly what I thought, but I went on and read it—straight through at one sitting and you ought to do the same because the poem is a splendid piece of work, I think: rich, complex, resonant and—simple, in the best sense. You can READ it! Finkel really does what Conrad's old saw recommends: he makes you "see." Furthermore, he has a language that is clearly his own but ours too, wholly *adequate* to the complex purposes of a complex work. And he has a meter or "line" or whatever that works as a vehicle for his elliptical tale, a tale that moves about in time and space without either pretentiousness or elaborate circuitry. The whole panoply of quotation from the dead explorers, at first seemingly of a piece with all that boring coterie guru-quoting we have got so wearily used to, becomes, with Finkel's ease and control of style, a natural, indispensable part of a whole. And there is language here—"a man speaking to men" (Had I better say, "person" to "person"?). For a good example, look at the opening lines of the section entitled "Angels and Fools": "Midwinter: under the moonstruck cliffs/they shuffle their elderly waltz as if/the gramophone of ice were running down./The blue gears grind a melody so deep/none but an Emperor can hear." The description is of Emperor penguins; the language is lucid, witty, efficient, moving. And note that the line as such has meaning, the sentence as such has meaning, the figures and modifiers have meaning. Finkel *writes*: he weaves syntactical patterns in accordance with their own dynamics and with the integrity and the dynamics of the lines—each line as a unit, each unit of several lines as part of a whole.

Such work requires great power, great concentration of that power on a particular job to be done. Very rare qualities. "Adequate Earth" is a fine achievement. Its form and language live. And believe it or not, here is a long poem you can enjoy. You can in fact enjoy these three American poets because they know their craft and they have something to say. And how fine to see a young man writing so fine a work and one of our best older poets writing several poems which must rank with his best and hence among the best being written. The language may be dying but the poets don't seem to mind; they know who's in charge—the good ones, that is.

Louis Coxe

Women in Words (a great many)

The past six months have not managed to dam the flow of women-works, some useful and literate contributions to the growing library of titles, others scrappy and repetitious, hasty entries into this year's sweepstakes. There follow some of the winners, briefly noted:

Combat in the Erogenous Zone
by Ingrid Bengis
(Knopf; $6.95)

Ingrid Bengis soliloquizes in this painfully honest, confessional work about her sexual life, about love as she has known it in her long 28 years. Her point of departure is veracity; in each section, man-hating, lesbianism, love, she brings to bear the fierce light of her personal search, examining her own human needs in the narrow corners of socially determined sexual roles, and her recognition of the enormous difficulties of telling the truth. Her object is to explore "the possibilities for human contact," her achievement that, in her ruthless ability to record every obstruction in that search (social, personal, the need for love, the tendency to hatred and destructiveness, the desires and frustrations, the expectations and disappointments, all those things which turn relations between men and women into a war zone) she has put down some

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hard truths about the impossibility of objectivity in heterosexual and homosexual love.

The reader of any sex and every age cannot help identifying with some point or another in her descriptions. Whitmanlike she tells us: "If you see something of yourself in me, and I have seen something of myself in you . . . then maybe we can begin to reexamine our ideas about distortion."

The Oven Birds
edited by Gail Parker
(Doubleday Anchor; $2.50)

A valuable paperback which reprints satisfactorily large chunks from classic American women writers in the years 1820 to 1920. There is enough here from Charlotte Perkins Gilman (a fine chapter from her 1910 book, *The Home*) and a seldom reprinted short story called "The Yellow Wall-Paper" which W. D. Howells admired, to establish her literary importance, a good selection from the letters of Lydia Child, Angelina Grimké Weld's fine "Appeal to the Christian Women of the South" of 1836, much Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a liberal sampling of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's reminiscences, letters and diary. Gail Parker prefaces these excellent selections with a literate and ample introduction, and has given her book a noteworthy title. It comes from a Frost poem about a pessimistic bird who sings of the coming death of the season and asks what "to make of a diminished thing," indicating here the role of women in that century.

Root of Bitterness
edited by Nancy F. Cott
(Dutton; $5.95)

A collection of historical documents on the private experiences of American women, paralleling to some extent the 1968 *Up From The Pedestal* (Aileen Kraditor), William O'Neill's *The Woman Movement* (1969), and last year's *The American Woman: Who Was She?* (Anne Firor Scott), this superior collection contains documents of witchcraft trials, 18th- and 19th-century diaries, pieces from books of morality, marriage manuals, letters and early 20th-century health and sex texts, as well as the usual selections from Jane Addams, Kate Chopin and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. It is notable in that it contains a sprinkling of male writers, perhaps because of the relative paucity of articulate ladies in the 18th century (but then the inclusion of de Tocqueville seems inevitable in such a work). Again, the origin of the title is of interest. It comes from a letter written by Sarah Grimké in 1838 who said that "there is a root of bitterness continually springing up in families. . . . I believe it is the mistaken notion of the inequality of the sexes."

The Manipulated Man
by Esther Vilar
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95)

At first glance this contribution to the eighth wave of feminism—*anti*-feminism—seems so violent in tone as to be suspected of being a put-on, but we are assured by no less a figure in the pantheon of current goddesses than Germaine Greer, that "Esther Vilar's book really needs to be considered quite seriously . . . it is true in an outrageous sort of way that women live as parasites." Already, we are told by the publishers, a sensational best-seller in Europe, this diatribe by a German divorcée posits males, primarily American males, as robotal creatures who allow themselves to be persuaded by women that their sole function is to provide for those who feed upon them, their wives, their children. Women, on the other hand, control, deceive and trick men, making them victims of their carefully and commercially developed allure, avoiding all hard work, unscrupulously directing all their intellectual activity toward the single end of manipulating men.

If this is indeed women's main occupation, and men are blackmailed from early childhood into believing in this fraudulent relationship to women, then the resultant sexual inequality is clearly women's fault. She glories in her role, she "fails to consider men as human beings," she reduces her husband to a state of slavery, and then rebels against even her minor obligations because she is accustomed "to endless power over man" and therefore finds any "renunciation of power and prestige" painful. Intellectuals of the women's liberation movement are fighting the wrong enemy when they single out men. The real foe is women who are entirely to blame for their own condition which they will not change "for they have no reason for doing so." Vilar declares flatly that the Movement has failed, there are no underprivileged women, only men who are exploited and victimized in the US.

Certainly there are grains of partial truth in this thesis. But it fails to persuade when it talks of American male/female relations because it is a from-the-other-side-of-the-ocean view of American life, and upper-class American life at that. So much of it is wrong-headed, short-sighted, and limited to vast, undocumented generalizations that it will serve best here to record its publication, predict its success in all quarters except among *its* victims, women, and note that it has two translators from the German, Eva Borneman and Ursula Bender.

Doris Grumbach

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH EVETT *teaches in the College of Architecture, Art & Planning at Cornell University.* DOUGLAS J. STEWART *is currently on sabbatical leave in Italy. Poet* LOUIS COXE *teaches English at Bowdoin College.*

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Correspondence

The Economy

Sirs:

I have great admiration for Melville Ulmer's economic reporting, but his acceptance of administration line ("The Economy in '73," *TNR*, Dec. 23&30) is a bit too uncritical. Comparing the inflation rate in 1972 with that in 1968-69, for example, is a Nixonian trick to hide the fact that retail prices rose only three-tenths of one percent less rapidly last year (and wholesale prices rose more rapidly) than in the pre-controls period of 1971. Comparing the worst month's unemployment statistic for 1971 with one of this year's best is also rather deceptive.

Perhaps more mischievous is Mr. Ulmer's facile equation of high interest rates and "tight money." Fact is that *loose* money drives nominal interest rates sky high, because lenders demand higher interest rates to compensate for expected inflation.

Alan Reynolds
New York, NY

In reply:

The particular price and unemployment figures cited in my article were calculated neither to praise the Nixon administration nor condemn it. Instead, the purpose was to call attention to: 1) the temporary and partial economic success of 1972, achieved in time for the November election, and 2) the gathering force of the present inflation, which may bring that success abortively to an end. One of the dangers, magnified now by the relaxed price and wage controls under Phase III, is that the administration may resort to tight money to stop inflation. "Tight money," despite Mr. Reynolds, means clamping down on monetary expansion and raising interest rates. Unfortunately, when business finds it difficult or impossible to borrow, the result is recession and unemployment, as was demonstrated most recently in 1970-71.

Melville J. Ulmer

Drug Control

Sirs:

The point of Peter J. Ognibene's "The Heroin Supply Problem" (*TNR*, Dec. 16) seemed to be that the United States should take extraordinary measures to cut off the heroin supply: "We used defoliants and other chemical agents to destroy trees in Vietnam; perhaps that same technology might be used to destroy the opium poppy. The heroin supply is too vast to be controlled by ordinary means."

In the first place, as the Ford Foundation report *(Dealing with Drug Abuse)* points out, the amount of opium required to furnish the entire US heroin market could be cultivated in an area less than six square miles. The number of places in the world where opium can be grown is limitless, as are the financial rewards for those heroin dealers who take advantage of America's unique marketing opportunities. In the second place, it is estimated (again, in the Ford report) that only two percent of the world's opium crop is converted into heroin for US consumption. Much of the rest is made into narcotic drugs for legitimate medical practice, *e.g.*, codeine and morphine. Narcotics are still the most effective painkilling drugs known and are indispensable to modern medicine.

It is true that Mr. Ognibene arrives at his drastic solution only after frustrating reflections on the results of present drug policy. He points out, for instance, that when narcotics agents are successful in temporarily reducing the supply of heroin in a particular area, they only drive up its price, leading addicts to commit more crimes to maintain their supply or to switch to the more harmful barbiturates. He also alludes to the sobering charges of the Knapp Commission, which exposed the extent to which New York City police were involved in protecting the narcotics trade.

The chief problem on the American drug scene is that such vast profits are to be made from the narcotics trade and from the plight of addicts who have no legal channel to get their drugs. Heroin is neither an expensive nor a dangerous drug in itself. The medical problems of addicts, for instance, occur because they are using unsterile needles and drugs of varying strength contaminated with many adulterants. Heroin is medically as safe as its relatives, morphine or methadone, and can be taken indefinitely without causing any known harm to bodily tissue or organs. If addicts were not forced to crime by the artificial market for addictive drugs which our policy has fostered, addiction would be only a minor medical problem.

The goal of American drug policy should be to get every willing addict under care—into a drug-free program wherever possible or into maintenance and rehabilitation clinics which would use heroin as well as methadone and other opiates in an attempt to wean addicts from the black market and from a life centered around drugs. A first step would be for the federal government to approve the too long-pending application of the Vera Institute of Justice in New York City for an experimental program aimed at assessing the success of a maintenance approach using heroin.

Roswitha M. Winsor
Committee for a Sane Drug Policy

Party Primaries

Sirs:

It would appear from your note on "Democratic Reform" (*TNR*, Dec. 2) that you favor elimination of so-called "crossover voting" in presidential primaries. Although it is true that some voters may intentionally vote for a weak or undesirable candidate in the opposite party's primary out of spite, it is more likely that the crossover voter is supporting his convictions on some major issue. . . . The only way to eliminate the crossover is to require that primary voters register by party, thus infringing upon the traditional secrecy of the ballot. In Illinois, partisan registration was ruled invalid just this year, thus making it possible for independents such as Daniel Walker to win the Democratic nomination. Partisan registration encourages straight-ticket voting and party-line thinking, thus strengthening the hands of the waning party machines. We should rather encourage each voter to evaluate the stands of *all* candidates by allowing him to vote in the primary of his choice.

If all serious candidates are listed on the presidential ballot, as in Wisconsin, Oregon, Florida and other states, the spoiler-voter crosses over at the cost of losing any influence in the choice of his own party's nominee. Such a system encourages political independence while safeguarding the absolute secrecy of the ballot.

Gerald S. Glazer
Waukesha, Wisc.

In reply:

Party registration to prevent crossover voting in primaries neither violates secrecy of the ballot nor encourages "straight-ticket voting and party-line thinking." To prove that point all one needs to do is measure Democratic Party registrations against the Democratic

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vote turned out in recent presidential elections.

A party primary should be just that—an election for members of a party to determine their preferred candidate. Crossover voters, on the other hand, lose no influence in their own party if—as was the case for Republicans this year—the nominee was never in doubt.

The Editors

Truman

Sirs:

May I add another to your list of Truman's seven great decisions as President ("Harry S Truman," *TNR*, Jan. 6&13)? The decision to rearm Germany in 1950 in effect symbolized the reversal of wartime alliances and profoundly affected the future of international politics.

While of questionable military merit, the remilitarization of the Federal Republic led to the political rehabilitation of Germany and its acceptance in the Western interstate system in the early 1950s. The subsequent evolution of European events, from the birth of the Common Market to the recent achievements of Bonn's *Ostpolitik*, is inseparable from the return of Germany as an equal ally rather than an inferior enemy.

Harry S Truman probably did not foresee all the ramifications of his decision to rearm Germany, but in this as much as in the other seven cases he surely "incised his mark upon adamantine history."

Robert McGeehan
New York, NY

Sirs:

It is all too easy to eulogize the recently departed and to ignore any attempt to place them within a critical perspective. Before lauding Mr. Truman so extensively, a closer look at the record is in order.

Mr. Truman's decision to use the atom bomb on the Japanese appears to me to have been an unnecessary and barbaric military experiment. As Howard Zinn has shown in *The Politics of History*, the US Strategic Bombing Survey predicted that the Japanese in all probability would have surrendered by November 1, 1945, without an invasion by American forces, without a Soviet declaration of war, and without US use of atomic weapons. . . . The decision to use the bomb was a civilian rather than a military one—a lesson to those who think that Lyndon Johnson might have made wiser decisions on Vietnam if less encumbered by military advice. The key appears to have been presidential isolation from views that contradicted his own: the interim committee advising Mr. Truman was ignorant of the military situation in Japan, and of an intercepted cable held by the State Department indicating a dramatic softening of the Japanese stance on surrender to the United States, while the State Department was unaware of the imminence of the bombing.

Taken together with the US Strategic Bombing Survey, this indicates an appalling ignorance on the President's part. Perhaps this ignorance mitigates Truman's terrible decision, but 100,000 Japanese could not fail to note that "Truman Was Here."

Eric Schneider
Boston, Mass.

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

misses. All through his mature films, Bergman has relied on us, the audience, as he relies on his company. This is always complimentary and is sometimes fruitful. Like any good artist, he has developed his own language, and now we can "converse" with him. But when he depends on us to supply virtually all the texture—for Thulin's wretched marriage or Andersson's crucifixion or Ullmann's spiritual atrophy—he moves from a dialogue with us to indolence. He is almost flashing cue cards, like a studio MC, and asking us to react. He himself has not done enough work on this film, has not asked the script enough questions.

He has worked in period costumes before, most notably in *The Virgin Spring* and *The Magician* and *Smiles of a Summer Night*, and like the veteran theater director that he is, understands them well. But the light in this new film is different, not just because it's in color—*Passion* was in color. He has not only moved backward in time, he has moved inland from the sea, and spends most of his time indoors, which he has not been doing lately. All is rich, overrich, lush. Even the bowl held up for Andersson to be sick in is lovely. Predictably, Bergman has *seen* every shot exquisitely, and Sven Nykvist, his fine cinematographer, has doubtless added something of his own. But there's a lot of revelling in a fairly obvious color scheme. Red predominates; even the coverlet on the maid's modest bed is red. When sequences fade, they do not fade to black or white but to red. It is not a subtle chromatic scheme. Here, too, it looks as if Bergman has not thought hard enough.

I have omitted what I hope the reader takes for granted: no mature Bergman film could be edited prosaically or falter in rhythmic control. And it is acted *perfectly*, with Andersson particularly true.

Cries and Whispers doesn't reflect the bankruptcy one feels in the recent work of another master, Fellini. Bergman has plenty to "say": he simply hasn't said it very well in this instance. The writer—no, the *conceiver*—has failed the director. But, as I've said about previous Bergman misses, what of it? In Hollywood the law used to be—perhaps still is—that you're as good as your last picture. Bergman is as good as the best he has done, as the best he will surely do.

Cesar and Rosalie has been compared with *Jules and Jim*. Ridiculous. Two men love one woman who loves them both, and it's French; end of resemblance. This is merely a pleasant piece of romantic fluff, which the other film is not. A closer comparison, still imperfect, is with Coward's *Design for Living*. The story ends with the implication that the three people are going to live together happily forever after.

Yves Montand is a thriving Parisian businessman. Romy Schneider is a divorcée, with a small daughter, who lives with him. Sami Frey is a cartoonist who loved her, went away, let her marry and divorce, and now is back to love her again. If you want to talk seriously about the picture, you can say that its one reality is in showing what a woman can get from men of different ages—say, 55 and 35—in flavor of devotion. But why talk about it seriously? It was intended to supply cinematic "Frenchness": *amour*, intimate bars, nice-looking food, a bit of *la vie bohème*, etc. It's all bargain-basement Colette, but not bad.

Claude Sautet previously directed *The Things of Life* (also with Schneider), which was a clinker. Here he is less mushy but still maniacal about cars. These people *drive* a hell of a lot. The film is Montand's. Plenty of vigorous middle-aged charm. Sami Frey (to my biased middle-aged eyes) is less appealing. What kept the picture from being a thorough dream-ride for me and what made it seem too long, is Romy Schneider, who is not really pretty and has a rather pinched, pettish manner. Now if it had been Liv Ullmann . . .

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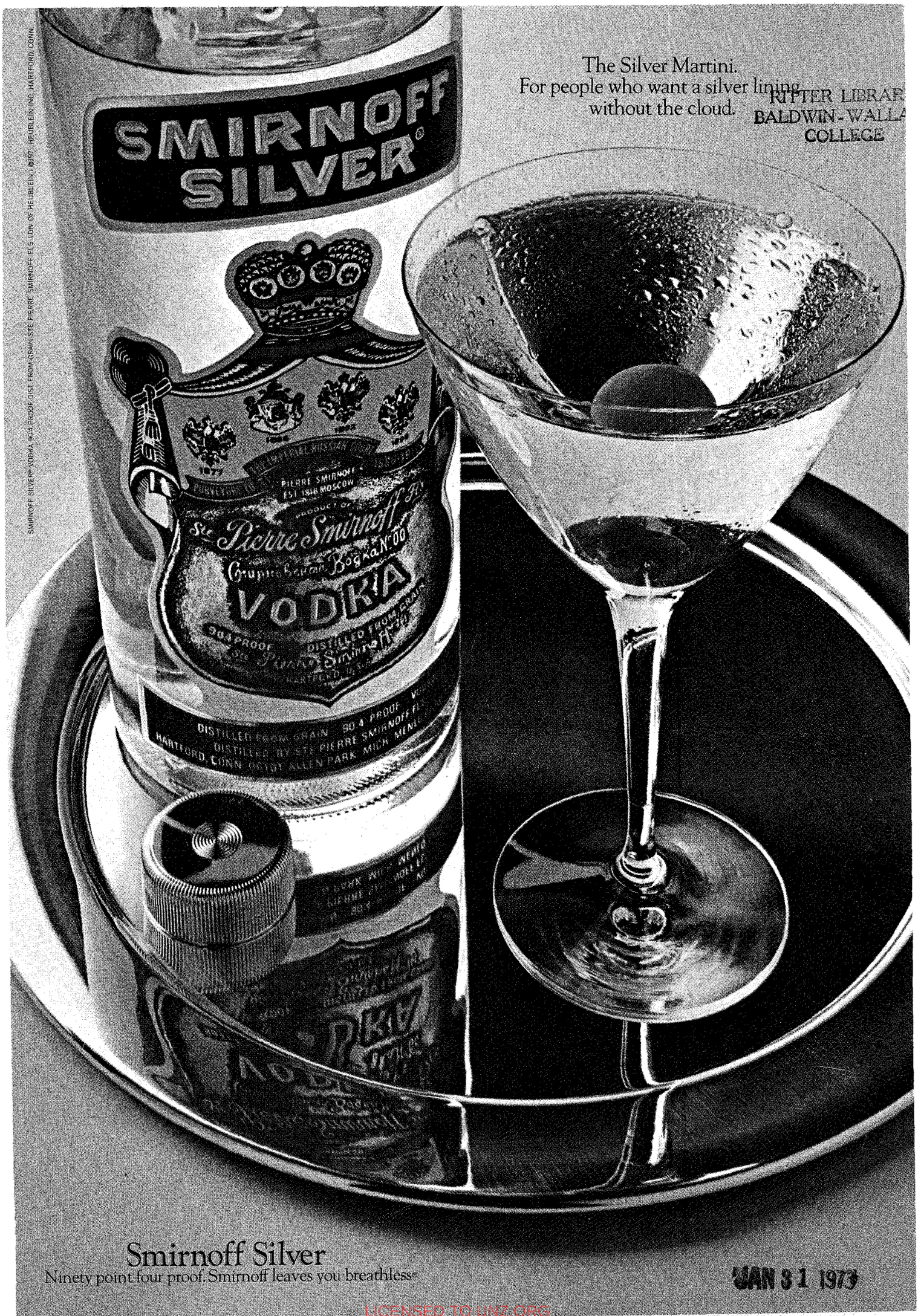

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